

# Select Sunday School Songs




EDITED BY  
E. H. JOHNSON.

PHILADELPHIA

AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY · 1420 CHESTNUT ST ·

SCB  
2878



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2012 with funding from  
Princeton Theological Seminary Library

<http://archive.org/details/selects00john>





SELECT

# SUNDAY-SCHOOL SONGS.

EDITED BY

E. H. JOHNSON.



PHILADELPHIA:  
AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY,  
1420 CHESTNUT STREET.

# CONTENTS.

---

	HYMN		HYMN		HYMN
OPENING HYMNS . . . . .	1-3	CHRIST: RESURRECTION . . . . .	41-45	LOVE TO CHRIST . . . . .	84-90
CLOSING HYMNS . . . . .	4, 5	ASCENSION . . . . .	46, 47	JOY AND PRAISE . . . . .	91-106
MORNING AND EVENING . . . . .	6-10	GLORY . . . . .	48-52	OBEDIENCE . . . . .	107-119
LORD'S DAY . . . . .	11	THE HOLY SPIRIT . . . . .	53, 54	THANKSGIVING . . . . .	120
WORSHIP . . . . .	12-25	THE TRINITY . . . . .	55	NEW YEAR . . . . .	121
CHRIST: BIRTH . . . . .	26-30	THE SCRIPTURES . . . . .	56	DEATH . . . . .	122, 123
LIFE . . . . .	31-39	COMING TO CHRIST . . . . .	57-70	SECOND ADVENT . . . . .	124, 125
DEATH . . . . .	40	TRUST IN CHRIST . . . . .	71-83	HEAVEN . . . . .	126-137

---

Hearty acknowledgments are due to those whose copyrighted music is used, as indicated, with their permission, and to Dr. C. R. Blackall, whose large experience and approved judgment have been freely consulted in the preparation of these pages. A detailed Index of Subjects and an Index of First Lines will be found at the end of the book.

---

# SELECT SUNDAY-SCHOOL SONGS.

1

## Pleasant are Thy Courts.

H. F. LYTE.

W. B. GILBERT.

1. { Pleasant are thy courts a - bove In the land of light and love; } Oh, my spir - it longs and faints  
 { Pleasant are thy courts be - low In this land of sin and woe. }

For the con-verse of thy saints, For the brightness of thy face, For thy fulness, God of grace!

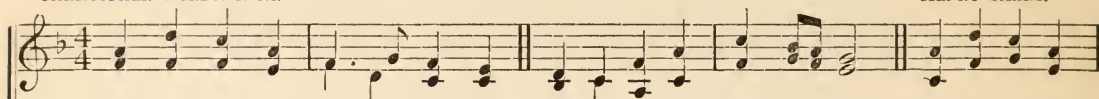
2 Happy souls! Their praises flow  
 Even in this vale of woe;  
 Waters in the desert rise,  
 Manna feeds them from the skies:  
 On they go from strength to strength  
 Till they reach thy throne at length,  
 At thy feet adoring fall,  
 Who hast led them safe through all.

3 Lord! be mine this prize to win;  
 Guide me through a world of sin;  
 Keep me by thy saving grace;  
 Give me at thy side a place.  
 Sun and shield alike thou art:  
 Guide and guard my erring heart.  
 Grace and glory flow from thee:  
 Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me!

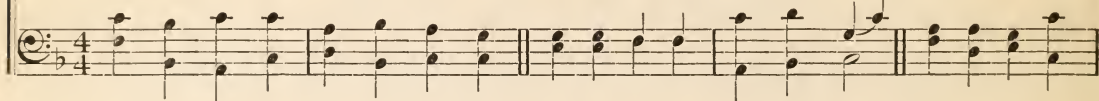
# Heavenly Father, Send thy Blessing.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

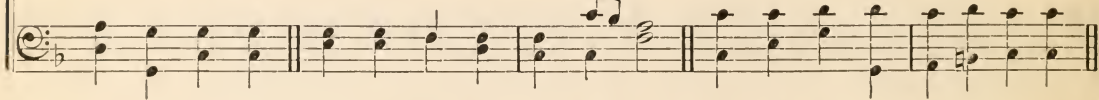
HENRY SMART.



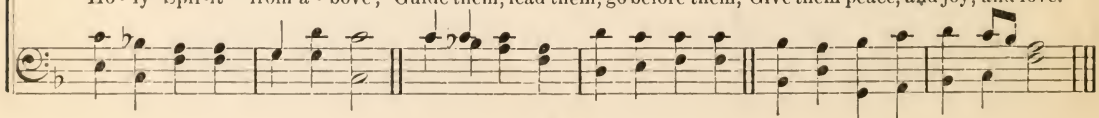
1. Heavenly Fa - ther, send thy blessing      On thy children gath - ered here;      May they all, thy  
2. Bear thy lambs, when they are wea - ry,      In thine arms, and on thy breast;      Thro' life's desert,



name con - fess - ing,      Be to thee for ev - er dear.      Ho - ly Sa - viour, who in meekness  
dry and drear - y,      Bring them to thy heavenly rest.      Spread thy gold - en pinions o'er them,



Didst vouchsafe a child to be,      Guide their steps and help their weakness, Bless and make them like to thee.  
Ho - ly Spir - it from a - bove;      Guide them, lead them, go before them, Give them peace, and joy, and love.

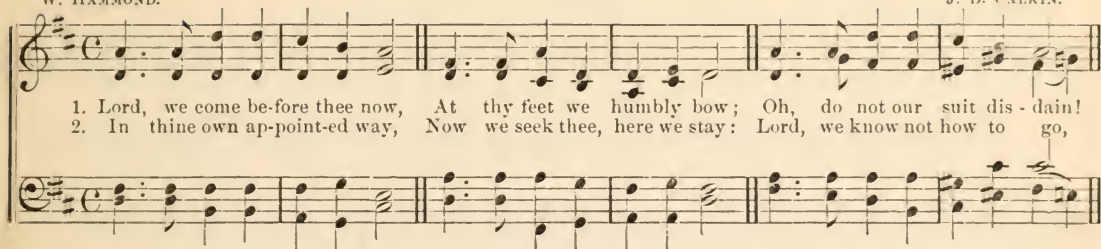


# Lord, we Come Before Thee Now.

3

W. HAMMOND.

J. B. CALKIN.



1. Lord, we come be-fore thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow; Oh, do not our suit dis-dain!  
 2. In thine own ap-point-ed way, Now we seek thee, here we stay: Lord, we know not how to go,



Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain? Lord, on thee our souls de-pend; In com-pas-sion  
 Till a bless-ing thou be-stow. Send some mes-sage from thy word That may joy and



now de-scent; Fill our hearts with thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing thy praise.  
 peace af-ford; Let thy Spir-it now in-part Full sal-va-tion to each heart.

## Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name.

JOHN ELLERTON.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Sa - viour, a - gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac-  
 2. Grant us thy peace up - on our homeward way; With thee be-  
 3. Grant us thy peace, Lord, thro' the com - ing night, Turn thou for

*cen* - - - *do.*  
 cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless thee  
 gan, with thee shall end the day; Guard thou the lips from  
 us its dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger

*dim* - - *in* - - *u* - - *en* - - *do.*  
 ere our wor - ship cease, And now, de - part - ing, wait thy word of peace.  
 sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on thy name.  
 keep thy chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to thee.

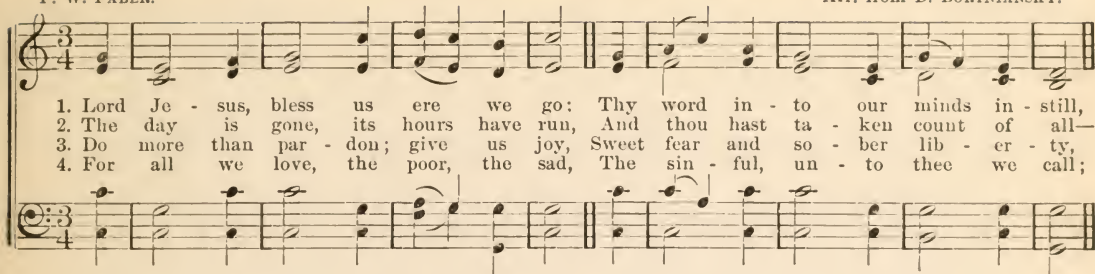


# Lord Jesus, Bless us Ere we Go.

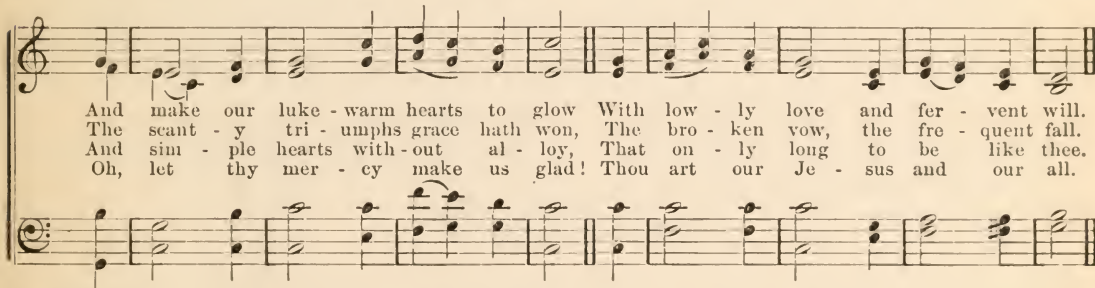
5

F. W. FABER.

Arr. from D. BORTNIANSKY.

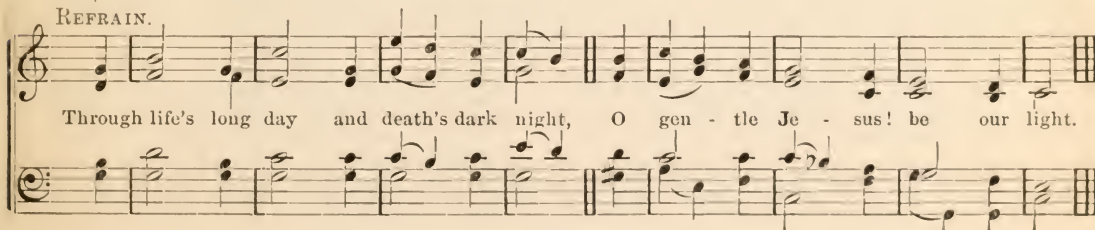


1. Lord Je - sus, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - still,  
 2. The day is gone, its hours have run, And thou hast ta - ken count of all—  
 3. Do more than par - don; give us joy, Sweet fear and so - ber lib - er - ty,  
 4. For all we love, the poor, the sad, The sin - ful, un - to thee we call;



And make our luke - warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.  
 The scant - y tri - umphs grace hath won, The bro - ken vow, the fre - quent fall.  
 And sim - ple hearts with - out al - loy, That on - ly long to be like thee.  
 Oh, let thy mer - cy make us glad! Thou art our Je - sus and our all.

## REFRAIN.



Through life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus! be our light.

6

## Abide With Me.

H. F. LYTE.

German. Arr. by W. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide!  
 2. I need thy pres - ence ev' - ry pass - ing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?

When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me!  
 Who, like thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me.

3 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;  
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
 Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?  
 I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

4 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes,  
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;  
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

7

## Sun of My Soul.

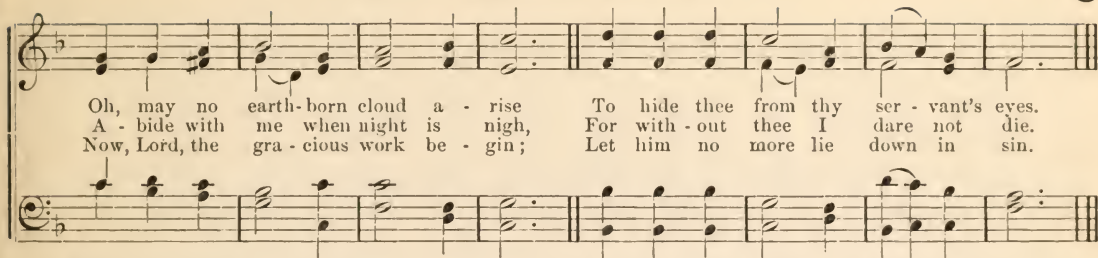
JOHN KEBLE.

German. Arr. by W. H. MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Sa - viour dear, It is not night if thou be near;  
 2. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with - out thee I can - not live;  
 3. If some poor wandering child of thine Hath spurned to - day the voice di - vine,

# Sun of My Soul.—Concluded.

8



Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy ser - vant's eyes.  
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with - out thee I dare not die.  
Now, Lord, the gra - cious work be - gin; Let him no more lie down in sin.

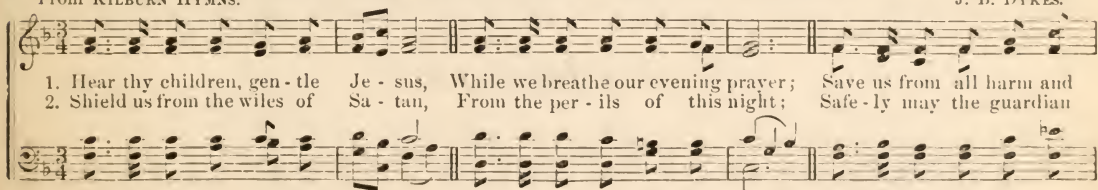
4 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor  
With blessings from thy boundless store;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

5 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take,  
Till in the ocean of thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

# 8 Hear thy Children, Gentle Jesus.

From KILBURN HYMNS.

J. B. DYKES.



1. Hear thy children, gen - tle Je - sus, While we breathe our evening prayer; Save us from all harm and  
2. Shield us from the wiles of Sa - tan, From the per - ils of this night; Safe - ly may the guardian



dan - ger, Take us 'neath thy sheltering care.  
an - gels Keep us in their watchful sight.

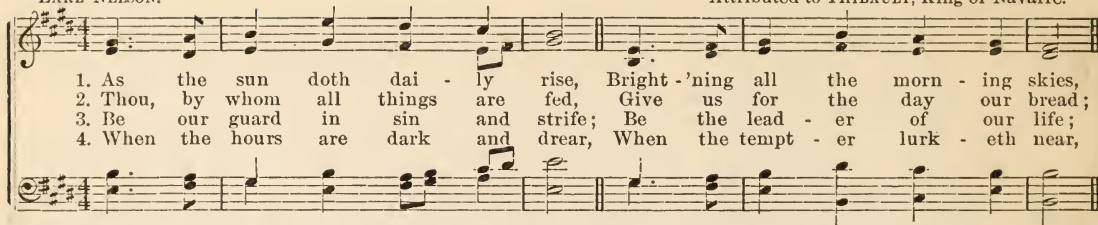
3 Gentle Jesus! look in pity  
From thy glorious throne above;  
Though we sleep, thy heart is wakeful,  
Still for us it beats with love.

4 Shades of evening fast are falling,  
Day is fading into gloom;  
When our earthly life is ended,  
Lead thy ransomed children home.

## As the Sun Doth Daily Rise.

EARL NELSON.

Attributed to THIBAUT, King of Navarre.



1. As the sun doth dai - ly rise, Bright - 'ning all the morn - ing skies,  
 2. Thou, by whom all things are fed, Give us for the day our bread;  
 3. Be our guard in sin and strife; Be the lead - er of our life;  
 4. When the hours are dark and drear, When the tempt - er lurk - eth near,



So to thee with one ac - cord Lift we up our hearts, O Lord!  
 Strength un - to our souls af - ford From the Bread of heaven, O Lord!  
 While we dai - ly search thy word, Wis - dom true im - part, O Lord!  
 By thy strengthening grace out - poured Save the tempt - ed ones, O Lord!

## Now the Day is Over.

S. BARING-GOULD.

J. BARNBY.



1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, Shadows of the eve - ning Steal across the sky.  
 2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose, With thy tend' rest blessing May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children  
 Visions bright of thee,  
 Guard the sailors tossing  
 On the deep blue sea.

4 Through the long night-watches  
 May thine angels spread  
 Their white wings above me,  
 Watching round my bed.

5 When the morning wakens,  
 Then may I arise  
 Pure and fresh and sinless  
 In thy holy eyes.



# O Day of Rest and Gladness.

11

C. WORDSWORTH.



1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and  
 2. On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth; On thee for our sal -  
 3. To - day on wea - ry na - tions The heav'n - ly man - na falls; To ho - ly con - vo -

sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright! On thee the high and low - ly Be -  
 va - tion Christ rose from depths of earth; On thee our Lord vic - to - rious The  
 ea - tions The sil - ver trum - pet calls, Where gos - pel light is glow - ing With

fore the eternal throne Sing, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To God the three in one.  
 Spir - it sent from heaven; And thus on thee most glo - rious A tri - ple light was given.  
 pure and ra - diant beams, And liv - ing wa - ter flow - ing With soul - re - fresh - ing streams.

## Praise the Lord.

R. MANT.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore him, Praise him, an-gels, in the height: Sun and moon, re-  
 2. Praise the Lord! for he is glorious; Nev-er shall his prom-ise fail; God hath made his  
 3. Wor-ship, hon-or, glo-ry, blessing, Lord, we of-fer to thy name; Young and old, thy

joice be-fore him, Praise him, all ye stars of light: Praise the Lord! for he hath spo-ken,  
 saints vic-to-rious, Sin and death shall not pre-vail: Praise the God of our sal-va-tion;  
 praise ex-press-ing, Join their Sa-viour to pro-claim. As the saints in heaven a-dore thee,

Worlds his mighty voice obeyed; Laws, which never shall be broken, For their guidance he hath made.  
 Hosts on high, his power proclaim; Heaven and earth, and all cre-a-tion, Laud and mag-ni-fy his name.  
 We would bow be-fore thy throne; As thine an-gels serve before thee, So on earth thy will be done.

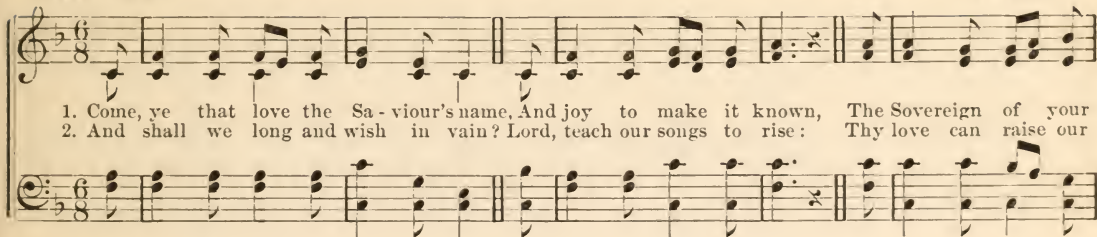


# Come, Ye that Love the Saviour's Name.

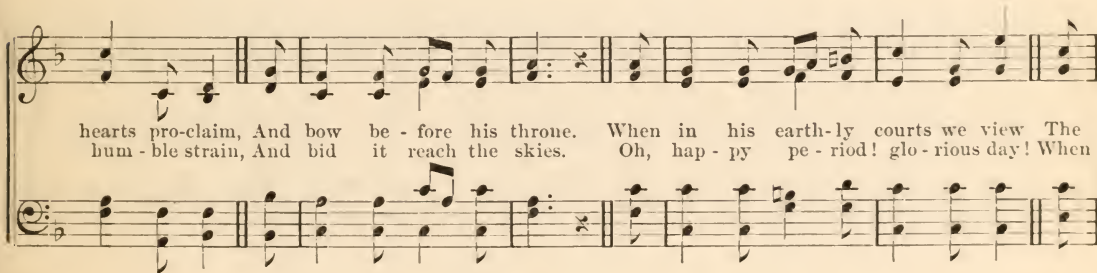
13

ANNE STEELE.

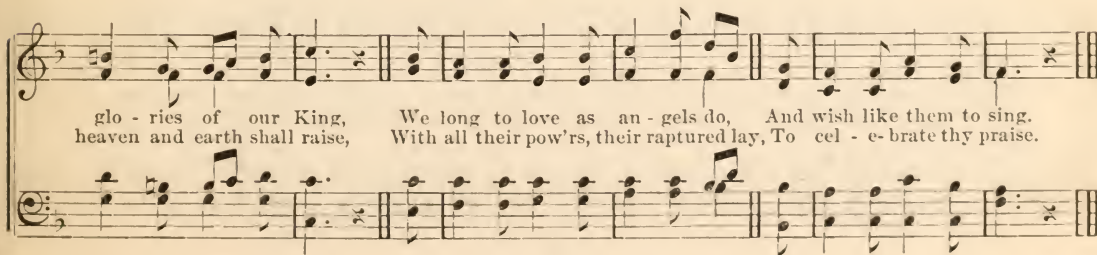
Arranged.



1. Come, ye that love the Sa-viour's name, And joy to make it known, The Sovereign of your  
2. And shall we long and wish in vain? Lord, teach our songs to rise: Thy love can raise our



hearts pro-claim, And bow be-fore his throne. When in his earth-ly courts we view The  
hum-ble strain, And bid it reach the skies. Oh, hap-py pe-riod! glo-rious day! When



glo-ries of our King, We long to love as an-gels do, And wish like them to sing.  
heaven and earth shall raise, With all their pow'rs, their raptured lay, To cel-e-brate thy praise.

1. To God on high be thanks and praise For mer - cy ceas - ing nev - er, Where-  
 2. The hon - ors paid thy ho - ly name, To hear thou ev - er deign - est; Thou,

by no foe a hand can raise, Nor harm can reach us ev - er: With joy to him our  
 God the Fa - ther, still the same, Un - shak - en ev - er reign - est; Un - measured stands thy

hearts as - cend, The Source of peace that knows no end, A peace that none can sev - er.  
 glo - rious might; Thy tho'ts, thy deeds out - strip the light; Our heav'n thou, Lord, re - main - est.

# Here from the World we Turn.

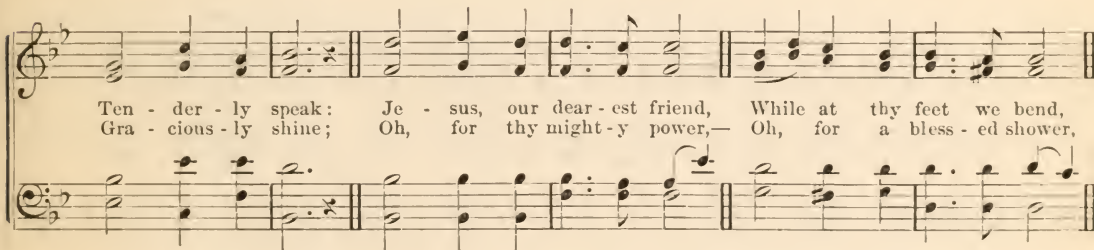
15

FANNY J. CROSBY.

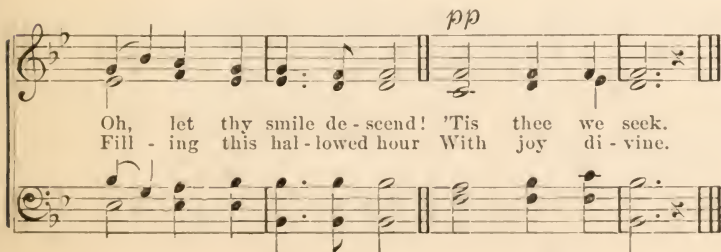
W. H. DOANE. By per.



1. Here from the world we turn, Je - sus to seek; Here may his lov - ing voice  
2. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Pres - ence di - vine, Now in our long - ing hearts



Ten - der - ly speak: Je - sus, our dear - est friend, While at thy feet we bend,  
Gra - cious - ly shine; Oh, for thy might - y power,— Oh, for a bless - ed shower,

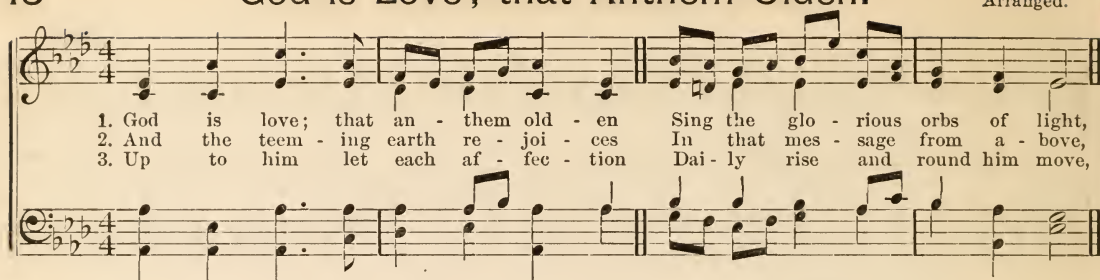


*pp*  
Oh, let thy smile de - scend! 'Tis thee we seek.  
Fill - ing this hal - lowed hour With joy di - vine.

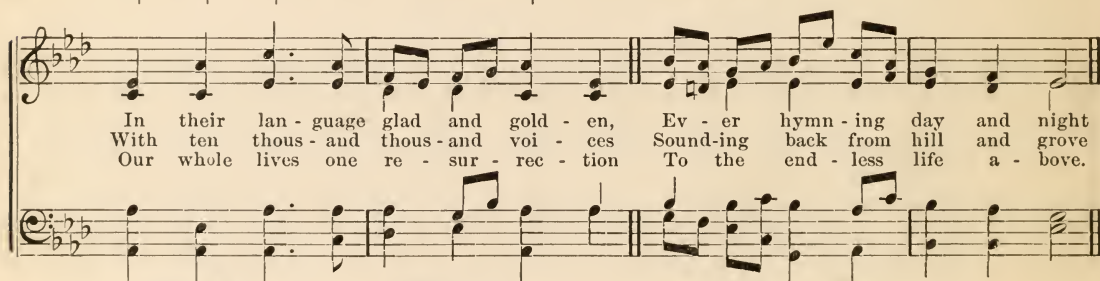
3 Saviour, thy work revive;

Here may we see  
Those who are dead in sin

Quickened by thee;  
Come to our hearts with might,  
Make every burden light,  
Cheer thou our waiting sight;  
We long for thee.



1. God is love; that an - them old - en Sing the glo - rious orbs of light,  
 2. And the team - ing earth re - joi - ces In that mes - sage from a - bove,  
 3. Up to him let each af - fec - tion Dai - ly rise and round him move,



In their lan - guage glad and gold - en, Ev - er hymn - ing day and night  
 With ten thous - and thous - and voi - ces Sound - ing back from hill and grove  
 Our whole lives one re - sur - rec - tion To the end - less life a - bove.

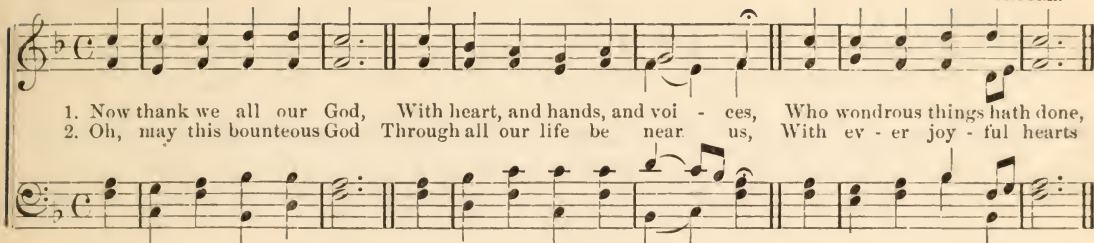


Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! God is love, and God is might!  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! God is might, and God is love!  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! God is life, and God is love!

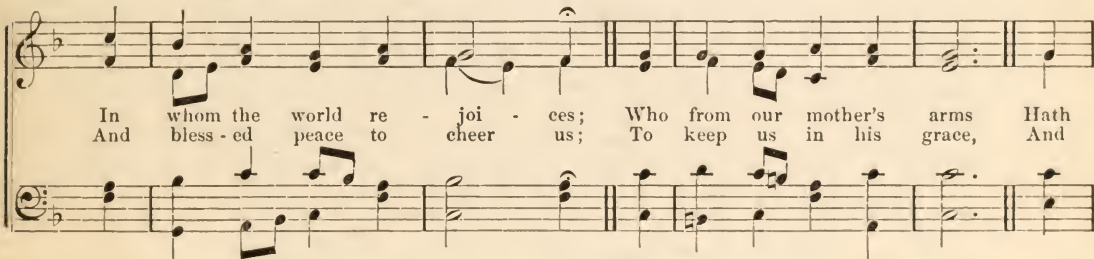
# Now Thank we All our God.

17

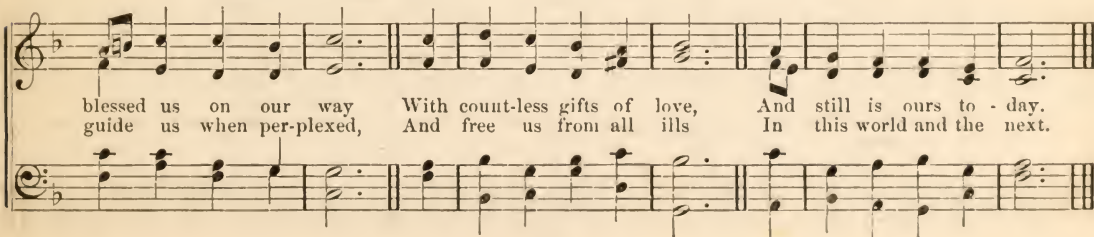
J. CRUGER.



1. Now thank we all our God, With heart, and hands, and voi - ces, Who wondrous things hath done,  
2. Oh, may this bounteous God Through all our life be near us, With ev - er joy - ful hearts



In whom the world re - joi - ces; Who from our mother's arms Hath  
And bless - ed peace to cheer us; To keep us in his grace, And



blessed us on our way With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.  
guide us when per-plexed, And free us from all ills In this world and the next.



## Morn Amid the Mountains.

E. BARKER.

1. Morn a-mid the mountains,—Lovely sol - i - tude!      Gushing streams and fountains Murmur “God is good.”  
 2. Hymns of praise are ringing Through the leafy wood;      Songsters sweetly sing - ing, Warble “God is good.”

Now the glad sun, breaking, Pours a gold-en flood;      Deepest vales a-wak - ing,      Ech - o “God is good.”  
 Wake, and join the chorus, Child, with soul endued;      God, whose smile is o'er us,      Ev - er-more is good.

## For the Beauty of the Earth.

JOHN PIERPOINT.

HENRY SMART.

1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the glo - ry of the skies, For the love which from our birth  
 2. For the won - der of each hour Of the day and of the night, Hill and vale, and tree and flower,



O - ver and a - round us lies, Lord of all, to thee we raise This our grate - ful psalm of praise.  
 Sun and moon, and stars of light, Lord of all, to thee we raise This our grate - ful psalm of praise.

20

## Praise, my Soul, the King.

H. F. LYTE.

MICHAEL HAYDN.

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven, To his feet thy tribute bring; Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
 2. Father-like, he tends and spares us, Well our feeble frame he knows; In his hands he gent - ly bears us,  
 3. An - gels in the height adore him; Ye behold him face to face; Saints triumphant bow be - fore him,

Ev - er - more his praises sing; Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.  
 Rescues us from all our foes; Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Wide - ly yet his mer - cy flows.  
 Gathered in from every race. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Praise with us the God of grace.

## In God's Holy Dwelling.

T. A. STOWELL.

Arr. from GROSS.

1. In God's ho-ly dwell-ing, Spared to meet a - gain, Hark! glad voices swell-ing, Raise their grateful strain;  
 2. All things tell his glo-ry,— Earth and heav'n above, And the gos-pel sto - ry Tells his wondrous love,  
 3. Oh, how blest to know him, And his love so true! Oh, how sweet to show him That we love him too!

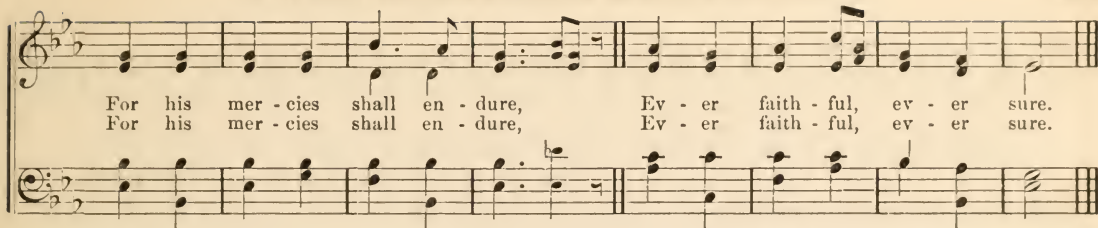
Mor-tals, bending low - ly, Join the an - gel's cry, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Is the Lord most High!  
 How the Fa - ther gave us His own Son to die, How the Son, to save us, Left his throne on high.  
 For to us is giv - en Here to taste his grace, And the hope in heaven To be-hold his face.

## Let us, With a Gladsome Mind.

JOHN MILTON.

Arr. from MOZART.

1. Let us, with a glad - some mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind;  
 2. He, with all com - mand - ing might, Filled the new - made world with light;



For his mer - cies shall en - dure,      Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.  
 For his mer - cies shall en - dure,      Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.

3 All things living he doth feed;  
 His full hand supplies their need;  
 For his mercies shall endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He hath, with a piteous eye,  
 Looked upon our misery;  
 For his mercies shall endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

23

God is Love.

Sir JOHN BOWRING.

Arr. from Old Melody.



1. God is love; his mer - cy brightens      All the path in which we rove;      Bliss he wakes, and  
 2. Chance and change are bu - sy ev - er;      Man de - cays, and a - ges move;      But his mer - cy

woe he lightens;      God is wis - dom, God is love.  
 wan - eth nev - er;      God is wis - dom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth  
 Will his changeless goodness prove;  
 From the gloom his brightness streameth;  
 God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth  
 Hope and comfort from above;  
 Everywhere his glory shinieth;  
 God is wisdom, God is love.

## To Thee, O God and Saviour.

T. HAWEIS.

T. R. MATTHEWS.

1. To thee, O God and Sa - vour, The soul ex - ult - ing springs, Re - joic - ing in thy  
 2. Soon as the morn with ro - ses, Be - decks the dew - y east, And when the sun re -  
 3. By thee through life sup - port - ed, We pass the dangerous road, By an - gel-hosts es -

fa - vor, Al - might - y King of kings. We'll cel - e - brate thy glo - ry With  
 po - ses Up - on the o - cean's breast, Our voice in sup - pli - ca - tion Well  
 cort - ed Up to thy bright a - bode; Then cast our crowns be - fore thee, And

all thy saints a - bove, And tell the joy - ful sto - ry Of thy re - deem - ing love.  
 pleased thou shalt hear; Oh, grant us thy sal - va - tion, And to our souls draw near.  
 all our con - flicts o'er, Un - ceas - ing - ly a - dore thee, Up - on th'e - ter - nal shore.

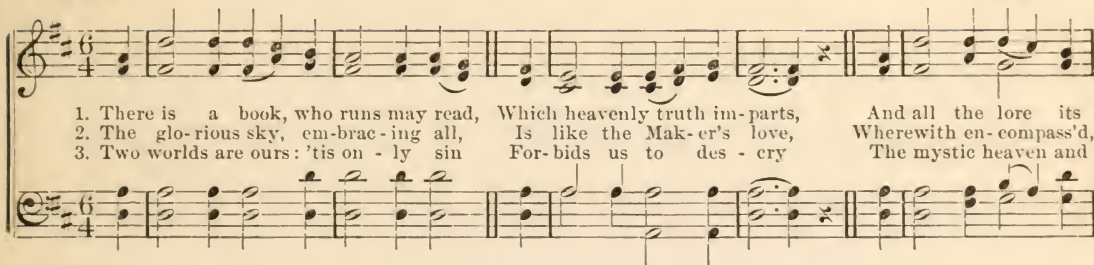


# There is a Book, who Runs may Read.

25

J. KEBLE.

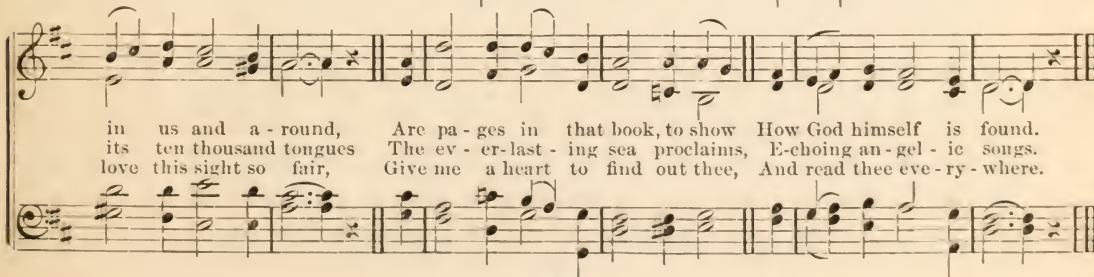
E. H. J.



1. There is a book, who runs may read, Which heavenly truth im-parts, And all the lore its  
 2. The glo-rious sky, em-brac-ing all, Is like the Mak-er's love, Wherewith en-compass'd,  
 3. Two worlds are ours: 'tis on - ly sin For-bids us to des - cry The mystic heaven and



schol - ars need, Pure eyes and Christian hearts. The works of God, a - bove, be - low, With-  
 great and small In peace and or - der move. One name a - bove all glo-rious names, With  
 earth with-in, Plain as the sea and sky. Thou who hast giv'n me eyes to see And



in us and a - round, Are pa- ges in that book, to show How God himself is found.  
 its ten thousand tongues The ev - er - last - ing sea proclaims, E-choing an - gel - ic songs.  
 love this sight so fair, Give me a heart to find out thee, And read thee eve - ry - where.

## Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

C. WESLEY.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new - born King; Peace on earth, and  
 2. Christ, by high - est heaven a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord; Late in time be -  
 3. Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace! Hail, the Sun of right - eous - ness! Risen with heal - ing

mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled! Joy - ful, all ye na - tions rise,  
 hold him come, Off - spring of a vir - gin's womb; Veiled in flesh the God - head see;  
 in his wings, Light and life to all he brings; Mild he lays his glo - ry by,

Join the tri - umph of the skies; With the an - gel - host pro - claim, Christ is born in  
 Hail, th'incarnate De - i - ty! Pleased as Man with man to dwell, Je - sus, our Em -  
 Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them





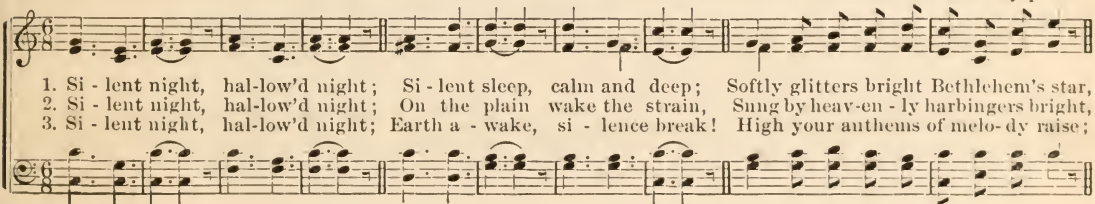
Beth - le - hem! Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new - born King!  
 man - u - el. - Hark! etc.  
 sec - ond birth. Hark! etc.

*Org.*

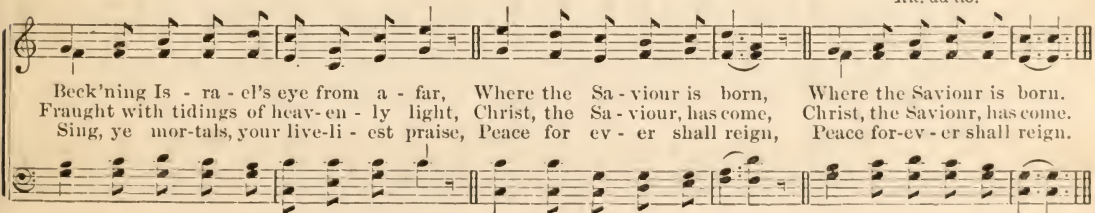
27

## Bethlehem's Star.

H. R. PALMER. By per.



1. Si - lent night, hal-low'd night; Si - lent sleep, calm and deep; Softly glitters bright Bethlehem's star,  
 2. Si - lent night, hal-low'd night; On the plain wake the strain, Sing by heav-en - ly harbingers bright,  
 3. Si - lent night, hal-low'd night; Earth a - wake, si - lence break! High your anthems of melo-dy raise;

*Rit. ad lib.*


Beck'ning Is - ra - el's eye from a - far, Where the Sa - viour is born, Where the Saviour is born.  
 Fraught with tidings of heav-en - ly light, Christ, the Sa - viour, has come, Christ, the Saviour, has come.  
 Sing, ye mor-tals, your live-li - est praise, Peace for ev - er shall reign, Peace for-ev - er shall reign.

## It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

E. H. SEARS.

R. S. WILLIS.

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old, From an - gels bending  
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled; And still ce - les - tial

near the earth To touch their harps of gold: "Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From  
mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world; A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They

heaven's all - gra - cious King!" The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.  
bend on hovering wing, And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.

3 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way,  
With painful steps and slow,  
Look up! for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing:  
Oh, rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing.

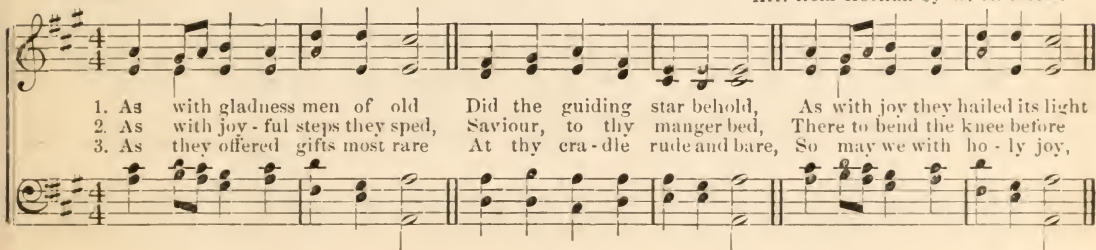
4 For lo, the days are hastening on,  
By prophet-bards foretold,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Comes round the age of gold!  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its final splendors fling,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

29

# As With Gladness Men of Old.

W. C. DIX.

Arr. from KOCHER by W. H. MONK.



1. As with gladness men of old Did the guiding star behold, As with joy they hailed its light  
2. As with joy - ful steps they sped, Saviour, to thy manger bed, There to bend the knee before  
3. As they offered gifts most rare At thy cradle rude and bare, So may we with ho - ly joy,



Lead-ing onward, beaming bright, So, most gracious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to thee.  
Thee whom heaven and earth adore, So may we with will - ing feet Ev-er seek the mer-cy-seat.  
Pure and free from sin's al - loy, All our costliest treasures bring, Christ, to thee our heavenly King.

## A Star, a Star is Burning.

S. BARING-GOULD.

From CHURCH SONGS.

1. A star, a star is burn-ing, The bright-est in the sky,— Is shin-ing o'er a  
 2. And lo! a sud-den glo-ry! The an-gel hosts ap-pear, Ten thous-and times ten

REF. We bow be-fore the in-fant, To him our hom-age bring; Our God in flesh ap-

sta-ble: Oh, tell me, shep-herds, why? With-in I see a moth-er, A  
 thous-and, Their mon-arch to re-ver-e. Oh, blind the eyes of mor-tals To

pear-eth Of men and an-gels King.

ba-by on her knee: Is this a roy-al pal-ace? Can this a monarch be?  
 such a glo-ri-ous sight! Oh, sleep-ers, wake and wit-ness The won-ders of this night!



# I Love to Hear the Story.

31

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Arr. from E. H. MEHUL.

1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voi - ces tell, How once the King of  
 2. I'm glad my bless-ed Sa - viour Was once a child like me, To show how pure and  
 3. To sing his love and mer - cy, My sweet-est songs I'll raise; And though I can - not

glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell. I am both weak and sin - ful, But  
 ho - ly His lit - tle ones might be; And if I try to fol - low His  
 see him, I know he hears my praise; For he has kind - ly prom - ised That

this I sure - ly know, The Lord came down to save me Be-cause he loved me so.  
 footsteps here be - low, He nev - er will for - get me, Be-cause he loves me so.  
 I shall sure - ly go To sing a - mong his an - gels, Be-cause he loves me so.



32

## Jesus Christ Our Saviour.

WILLIAM WHITING.

E. H. J.

1. Je - sus Christ our Sa - viour, Once for us a child, In thy whole beha - vior, Meek, obedient, mild,  
 2. We, thy chil - dren, rais - ing Un - to thee our hearts, In thy constant praising Bear our duteous parts.

In thy foot-steps tread-ing, We thy lambs will be, Foe nor dan-ger dreading While we fol - low thee.  
 As thy love hath won us From the world away, Still thy hands put on us, Bless us day by day.

33

## What a Strange and Wondrous Story.

Arr. from SAC. MUS. CAB.

1. What a strange and won - drous sto - ry From the book of God is read, -  
 2. How he left his throne in heav - en Here to suf - fer, bleed and die,

How the Lord of life and glo - ry, Had not where to lay his head;—  
That my soul might be for - giv - en, And as - cend to God on high!

3 Father! let thy Holy Spirit  
Still reveal a Saviour's love,  
And prepare me to inherit  
Glory where he reigns above.

4 There, with saints and angels dwelling,  
May I that great love proclaim,  
And with them be ever telling  
All the wonders of his name.

34

When Like a Stranger.

J. MONTGOMERY.

J. B. DYKES.

1. When, like a stranger on our sphere, The low - ly Je - sus wandered here, Where'er he went af -  
2. The eye that rolled in irk - some night Be - held his face, for he was light; The opening ear, the

fliction fled, And sickness reared its drooping head.  
loosened tongue, His precepts heard, his praises sung.

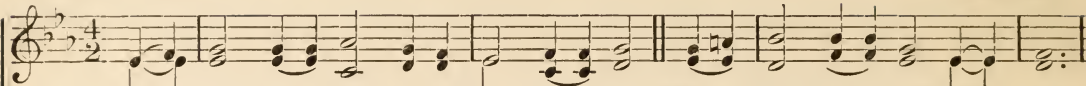
3 His touch the outcast leper healed,  
His lips the sinner's pardon sealed;  
Warm tears o'er Lazarus he shed,  
Then spake the word that raised the dead.

4 Through paths of loving-kindness led,  
Where Jesus triumph'd, we would tread;  
To all, with willing hands, dispense  
The gifts of our benevolence.


## Thou Didst Leave thy Throne.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

T. R. MATTHEWS.

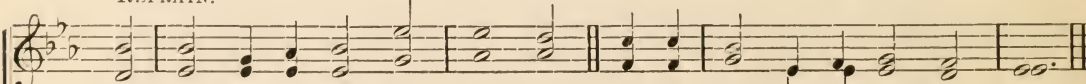


1. Thou didst leave thy throne and thy king - ly crown, When thou cam - est to earth for me;  
 2. Heav'n's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang, Pro - claim - ing thy roy - al de - gree;  
 3. Foxes found their rest, and the birds had their nest In the shade of the for - est tree;  
 4. Thou cam - est, O Lord, with the liv - ing word That should set thy peo - ple free;



But in Beth-lehem's home there was found no room For thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty.  
 But in low - ly birth didst thou come to earth, And in great - est hu - mil - i - ty.  
 But thy couch was the sod, O thou Son of God, In the des - erts of Gal - i - lee.  
 But with mock - ing and scorn, and with crown of thorn, Did they bear thee to Cal - va - ry.

## REFRAIN.



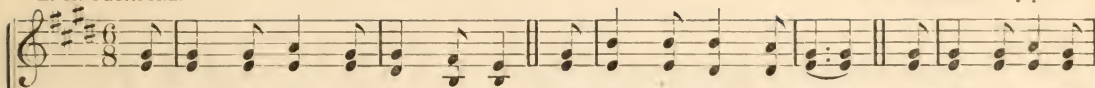
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for thee.

# Thine Arm, O Lord.

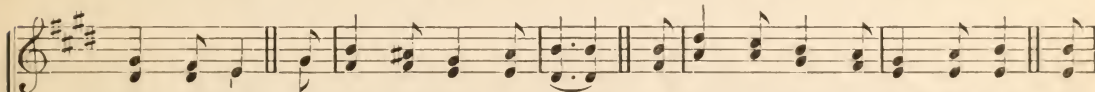
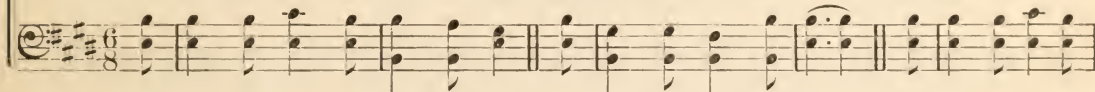
36

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

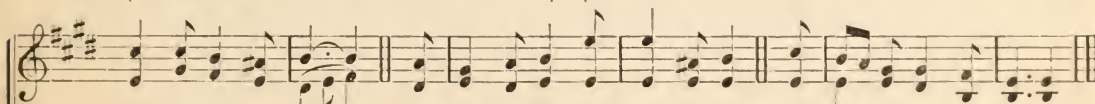
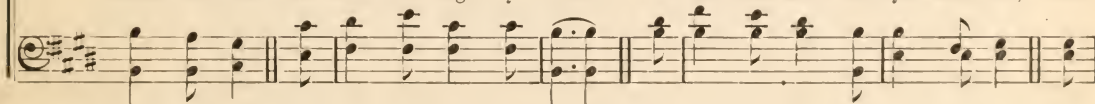
G. C. STEBBINS. By per.



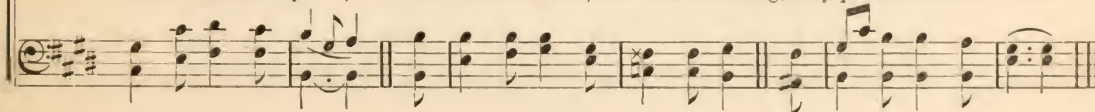
1. Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old Was strong to heal and save; It triumphed o'er dis-
2. And lo! thy touch brought life and health, Gave speech and strength and sight; And youth renewed and
3. Be thou our great De-liv'r - er still, Thou Lord of life and death; Restore and quicken,



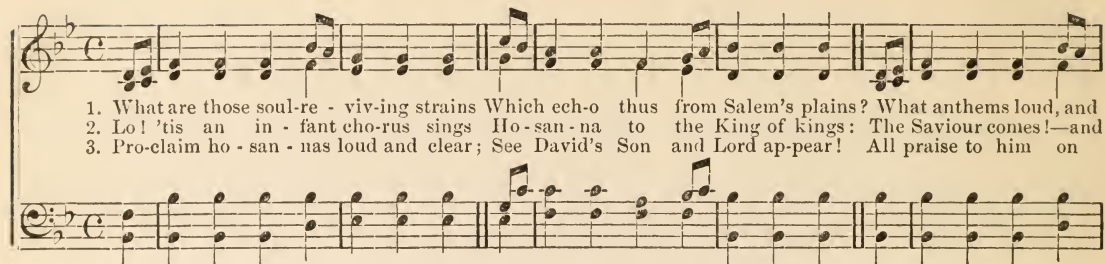
ease and death, O'er dark-ness and the grave; To thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The  
fren - zy calmed Owned thee, the Lord of light; And now, O Lord, be near to bless, Al-  
soothe and bless With thine al-might - y breath. To hands that work and eyes that see, Give



pal - sied and the lame, The lep - er with his taint-ed life, The sick with fe-vered frame.  
might-y as of yore, In crowded street, by rest - less couch, As by Gen-nesa-reth's shore.  
wis-dom's heavenly lore, That whole and sick, and weak and strong, May praise thee ever - more.

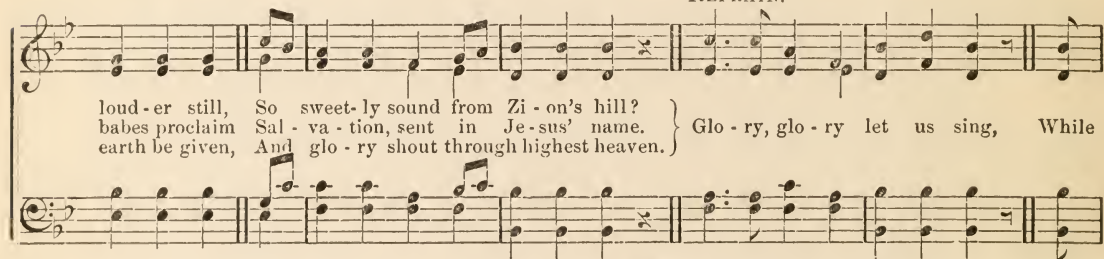


## What are those Soul-Reviving Strains.

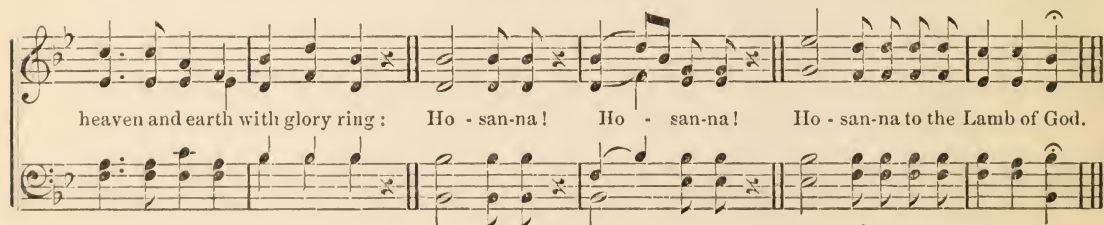


1. What are those soul-re - viv-ing strains Which ech-o thus from Salem's plains? What anthems loud, and  
 2. Lo! 'tis an in - fant cho-rus sings Ho-san-na to the King of Kings: The Saviour comes!—and  
 3. Pro-claim ho - san - nas loud and clear; See David's Son and Lord ap-pear! All praise to him on

## REFRAIN.



loud-er still, So sweet-ly sound from Zi-on's hill?  
 babes proclaim Sal - va - tion, sent in Je-sus' name.  
 earth be given, And glo - ry shout through highest heaven. } Glo - ry, glo - ry let us sing, While



heaven and earth with glory ring: Ho - san-na! Ho - san-na! Ho - san-na to the Lamb of God.

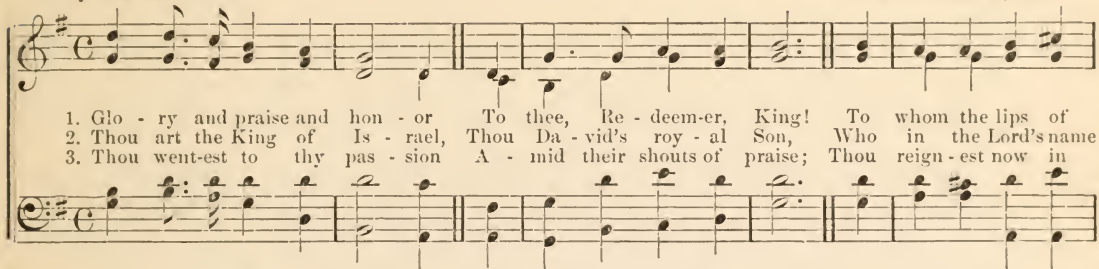


# Glory and Praise and Honor.

38

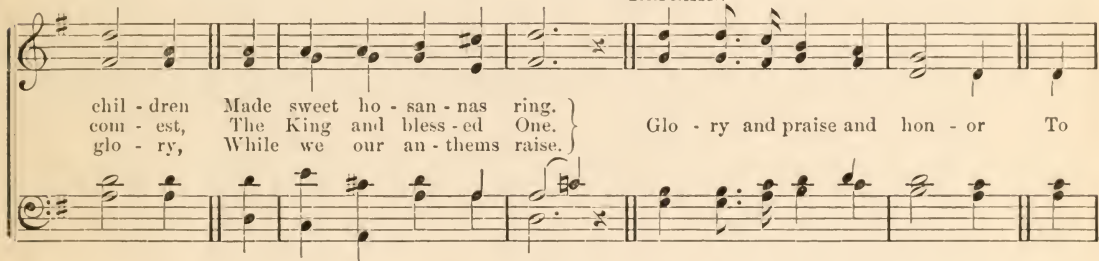
THEODULPH OF ORLEANS.  
Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

Arr. from "Cath. Hymns."

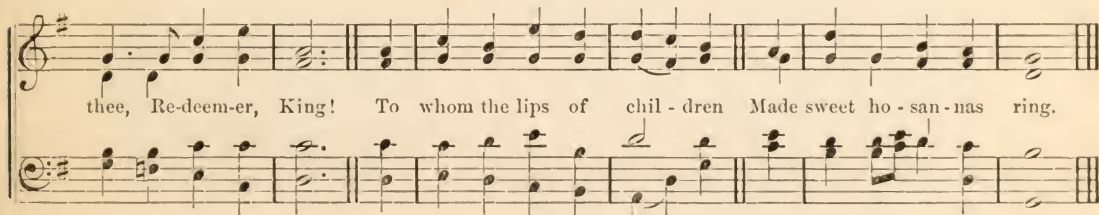


1. Glo - ry and praise and hon - or To thee, Re - deem-er, King! To whom the lips of  
2. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son, Who in the Lord's name  
3. Thou went-est to thy pas - sion A - mid their shouts of praise; Thou reign - est now in

## REFRAIN.



chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. }  
com - est, The King and bless - ed One. } Glo - ry and praise and hon - or To  
glo - ry, While we our an - thems raise. }



thee, Re-deem-er, King! To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.

## Once was Heard the Song of Children.

Arr. from Old Melody.

1. Once was heard the song of children By the Sa - viour when on earth ; Joy - ful in the  
 2. Palms of vic - tory strewn around him, Garments spread be - neath his feet, Pro - phet of the  
 3. God o'er all, in heav - en reigning, We this day thy glo - ry sing; Not with palms thy

sa - cred tem - ple, Shouts of youth - ful praise had birth; And ho - san - nas, and ho - san - nas,  
 Lord they crowned him, In fair Sa - lem's crowded street, While ho - san - nas, while ho - san - nas,  
 path - way strewing— We would lof - tier trib - ute bring,—Glad ho - san - nas, glad ho - san - nas,

Loud to Da - vid's Son break forth.  
 From the lips of chil - dren greet.  
 To our Pro - phet, Priest and King.

4 Oh, though humble is our offering,  
 Lord, accept our grateful lays!  
 These from children once proceeding  
 Thou didst deem "perfected praise."  
 Now hosannas, now hosannas,  
 Saviour, Lord, to thee we raise.

# O Sacred Head, Now Wounded.

40

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.  
Tr. by J. W. ALEXANDER.

GREEK AIR.

1. { O sa-cred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down, } O sacred Head, what glo-ry,  
Now scorn-ful - ly sur - round-ed, With thorns thine only crown! }  
2. { What thou, my Lord, hast suffered Was all for sin-ners' gain; } Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!  
Mine, mine was the trans-gres-sion, But thine the deadly pain; }

What bliss, till now was thine! Yet though despised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.  
'Tis I deserve thy place; Look on me with thy fa - vor, Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

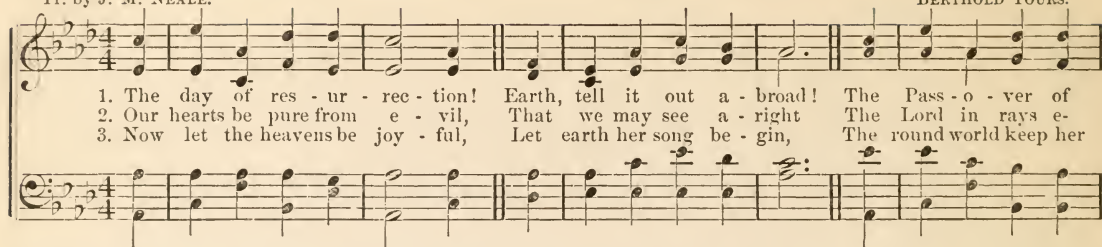
3 What language shall I borrow  
To thank thee, dearest Friend,  
For this thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?  
Oh, make me thine for ever;  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never  
Outlive my love to thee.

4 Be near me when I'm dying:  
Oh, show thy cross to me!  
And for my succor flying,  
Come, Lord, and set me free.  
These eyes, new faith receiving,  
From Jesus shall not move,  
For he who dies believing,  
Dies safely, through thy love.

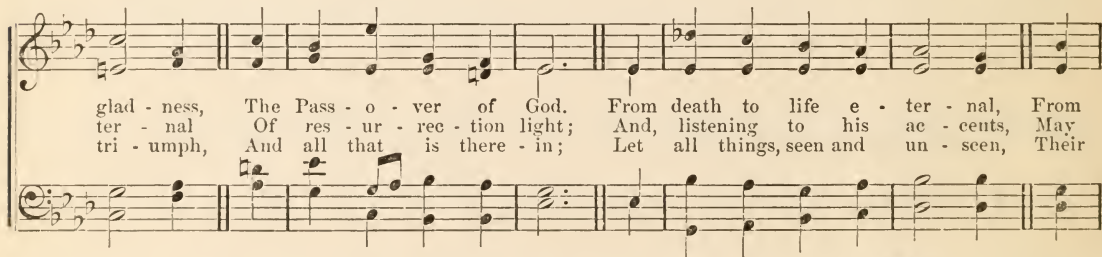
## The Day of Resurrection.

JOHN OF DAMASCUS.  
Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

BERTHOLD TOURS.



1. The day of res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad! The Pass - o - ver of  
 2. Our hearts be pure from e - vil, That we may see a - right The Lord in rays e -  
 3. Now let the heavens be joy - ful, Let earth her song be - gin, The round world keep her



glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God. From death to life e - ter - nal, From  
 ter - nal Of res - ur - rec - tion light; And, listening to his ac - cents, May  
 tri - umph, And all that is there - in; Let all things, seen and un - seen, Their

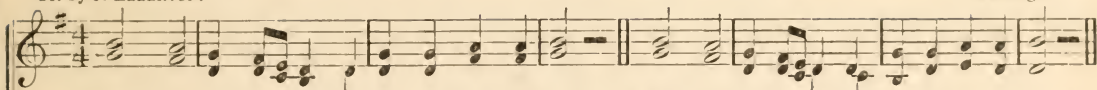


earth un - to the sky, Our Christ has brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry.  
 hear so calm and plain His own "All hail," and hear - ing, May raise the vic - tor strain.  
 notes of glad - ness blend, For Christ the Lord is ris - en, Our Joy that hath no end.

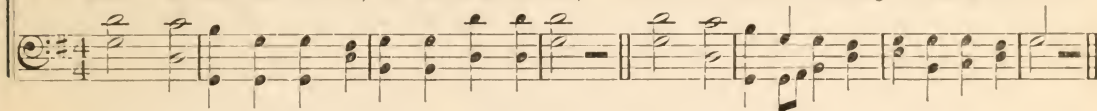
# Welcome, Happy Morning.

42

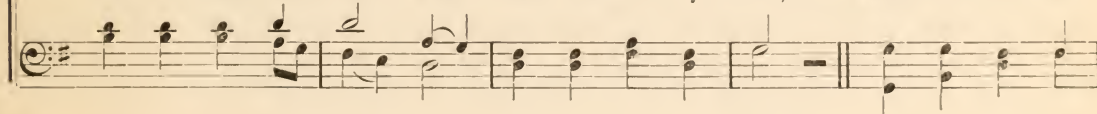
Arranged.



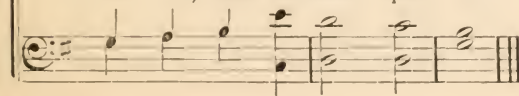
“ Wel - come, hap - py morn - ing ! ” age to age shall say ;      Hell to - day is vanquished, heav' n is won to - day !  
2. Mak - er and Re - deem - er, Life and Health of all,      Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,



Lo! the dead is liv - ing,      God for ev - er - more!      Him, their true Cre -  
Of the Fa - ther's God - head      true and on - ly Son,      Man - hood to de -



a - tor, all his works a - dore.  
liv - er, man - hood didst put on.



3 Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,  
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show :  
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil thy word ;  
'Tis thine own third morning ; rise, our buried Lord !

4 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chains ;  
All that now is fallen raise to life again ;  
Show thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,  
Bring again our daylight ; day returns with thee !



## 43

## The Strife is O'er.

FRANCIS POTT.

Arr. from PALESTRINA.

1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done, The vic - to - ry of life is won; Oh, let the  
 2. The pow'rs of death have done their worst, But Christ their le - gions hath dis - pers'd; Let shouts of

song of praise be sung! Al - le - lu - ia!  
 ho - ly joy out - burst: Al - le - lu - ia!

3 The three sad days are quickly sped;  
 He rises glorious from the dead:  
 All glory to our risen Head!  
 Alleluia!

4 Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,  
 From death's dread sting thy servants free,  
 That we may live and sing to thee,  
 Alleluia!

## 44

## Angels, Roll the Rock Away.

THOMAS SCOTT.

1. An - gels, roll the rock a - way; Death, yield up thy might - y prey;  
 2. 'Tis the Sa - viour! ser - aphs, raise Your tri - umph - ant shouts of praise;



See! he ri - ses from the tomb,— Ri - ses with im - mor - tal bloom.  
 Let the earth's re - mot - est bound Hear the joy - in - spir - ing sound.

3 Lift, ye saints, lift up your eyes;  
 Now to glory see him rise;  
 Hosts of angels on the road  
 Hail and sing th' incarnate God.

4 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,  
 Praise him with your golden lyres;  
 Praise him in your noblest songs;  
 Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

# 45 Morn's Roseate Hues.

WM. COCKE.

E. J. HOPKINS.



1. Morn's roseate hues have decked the sky; The Lord has risen with vic - to - ry: Let earth be glad and  
 2. The Prince of Life with death has striven, To cleanse the earth his blood has given; Has rent the veil and

raise the cry, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 opened heaven: Al - le - lu - ia!

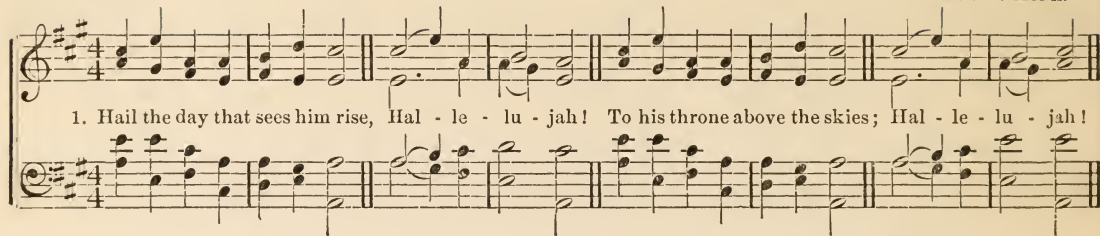
3 And he, dear Lord, that with thee dies,  
 And fleshly passions crucifies,  
 In body, like to thine, shall rise:  
 Alleluia!

4 Oh grant us, then, with thee to die,  
 To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,  
 And love the things above the sky:  
 Alleluia!

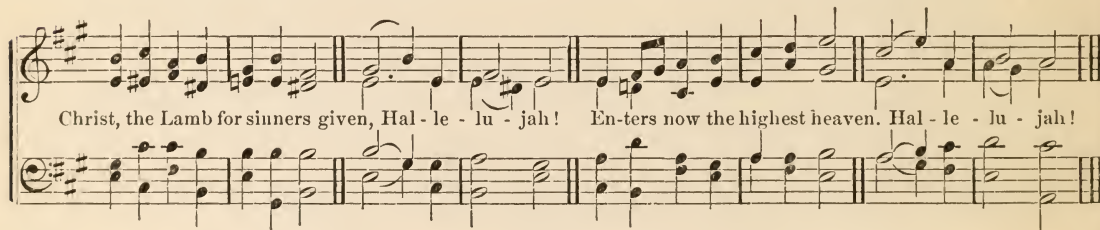
## Hail the Day that Sees Him Rise.

C. WESLEY.

WM. H. MONK.



1. Hail the day that sees him rise, Hal - le - lu - jah! To his throne above the skies; Hal - le - lu - jah!



Christ, the Lamb for sinners given, Hal - le - lu - jah! En - ters now the highest heaven. Hal - le - lu - jah!

2 There for him high triumph waits; Hallelujah!  
Lift your heads, eternal gates! Hallelujah!  
Christ hath conquered death and sin, Hallelujah!  
Take the King of glory in. Hallelujah!

3 Lo, the heaven its Lord receives! Hallelujah!  
Yet he loves the earth he leaves; Hallelujah!  
Though returning to his throne, Hallelujah!  
Still he calls mankind his own. Hallelujah!

4 Still for us he intercedes, Hallelujah!  
His prevailing death he pleads; Hallelujah!  
Near himself prepares our place, Hallelujah!  
He, the first-fruits of our race. Hallelujah!

5 Lord, though parted from our sight, Hallelujah!  
Far above the starry height, Hallelujah!  
Grant our hearts may thither rise, Hallelujah!  
Seeking thee above the skies. Hallelujah!

# Golden Harps are Sounding.

47

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

1. Gold - en harps are sounding, An - gel voi - ces sing, Pearly gates are opened, Opened for the King.
2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with glory At his father's side.
3. Pray - ing for his chil - dren In that blessed place, Calling them to glo - ry, Sending them his grace;

Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Je - sus, King of love, Is gone up in tri - umph To his throne a - bove.  
 Nev - er - more to suf - fer, Nev - er - more to die, Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Has gone up on high.  
 His bright home preparing, Faithful ones, for you, Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov - eth too.

## REFRAIN.

All his work is end - ed, Joy - ful - ly we sing: Je - sus hath as - cend - ed! Glo - ry to our King!

## Round the Lord in Glory Seated.

RICHARD MANT.

HENRY SMART.

1. Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed, Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim Filled his tem - ple,  
 2. Heaven is still with glo - ry ring - ing, Earth takes up the an - gels' cry, "Ho - ly, ho - ly,  
 3. With his ser - aph train be - fore him, With his ho - ly church be - low, Thus con - spire we

and re - peat - ed Each to each the alternate hymn: "Lord, thy glo - ry fills the heav - en,  
 ho ly," sing - ing, "Lord of hosts, the Lord most high. Lord, thy glo - ry fills the heav - en,  
 to a - dore him, Bid we thus our an - them flow: "Lord, thy glo - ry fills the heav - en,

Earth is with its ful - ness stored; Un - to thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!"



# Crown Him with Many Crowns.

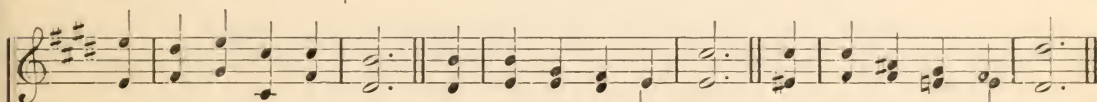
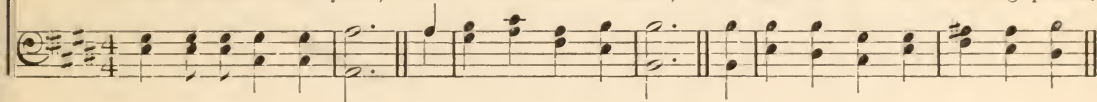
49

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

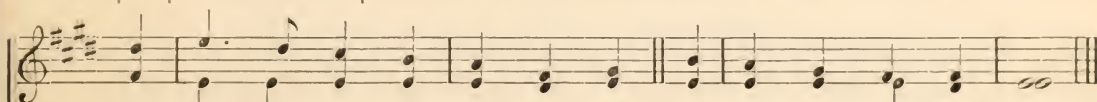
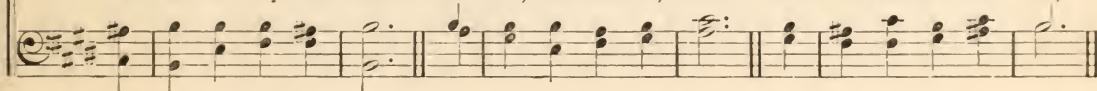
G. J. ELVEY.



1. Crown him with many crowns, The Lamb up-on his throne; Hark, how the heavenly an-them drowns
2. Crown him the Lord of peace, Whose power a scept-er sways From pole to pole, that wars may cease
3. Crown him the Lord of years, The Po-tent-ate of time, Cre-a-tor of the roll-ing spheres,



All mu-sic but its own! A-wake, my soul, and sing Of him who died for thee,  
And all be prayer and praise: His reign shall know no end, And round his pierc-ed feet  
In-ef-fa-bly sub-lime. All hail, Re-deem-er, hail! For thou hast died for me;



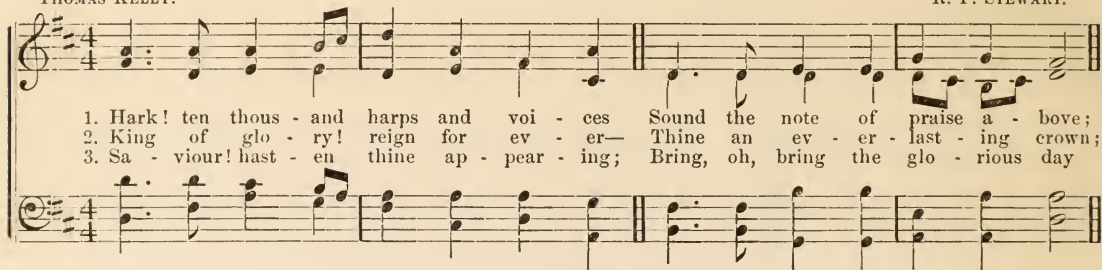
And hail him as thy match-less King Through all e-ter-ni-ty.  
Fair flowers of par-a-dise ex-tend, Their fra-grance ev-er sweet.  
Thy praise shall nev-er, nev-er fail Through-out e-ter-ni-ty.



## Hark! Ten Thousand Harps and Voices.

THOMAS KELLY.

R. P. STEWART.



1. Hark! ten thous - and harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove;  
 2. King of glo - ry! reign for ev - er— Thine an ev - er - last - ing crown;  
 3. Sa - viour! hast - en thine ap - pear - ing; Bring, oh, bring the glo - rious day



Je - sus reigns and heaven re - joi - ces; Je - sus reigns, the God of love:  
 Noth - ing from thy love shall sev - er Those whom thou hast made thine own;—  
 When, the aw - ful sum - mons hear - ing, Heaven and earth shall pass a - way;




See, he sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.  
 Hap - py ob - jects of thy grace, Des - tined to be - hold thy face.  
 Then, with gold - en harps we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"



# The Head that Once was Crowned with Thorns. 51

THOMAS KELLY.

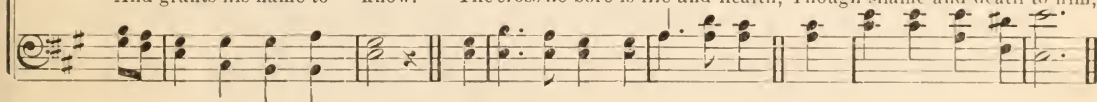
National Air of Holland.




1. The head that once was crown'd with thorns Is crown'd with glory now ; A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns  
2. The joy of all who dwell a - bove, The joy of all be - low, To whom he man - i - fests his love,

The might-y Vic - tor's brow. The highest place that heav'n affords Is his, is his by right,  
And grants his name to know. The cross he bore is life and health, Though shame and death to him,




The King of kings and Lord of lords, And heav'n's e - ter - nal light, And heav'n's eter - nal light.  
His peo - ple's hope, his peo - ple's wealth, Their ev - er - last - ing theme, Their ev - er - last - ing theme.



FRANCIS POTT.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round thy throne of light— An - gel harps, for  
 2. Thou, who art be - yond the far - thest Mor - tal eye can scan, Can it be that

ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night; Thousands on - ly live to bless thee,  
 thou re - gard - est Songs of sin - ful man? Can we feel that thou art near us,

And con - fess thee, Lord of might!  
 And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.

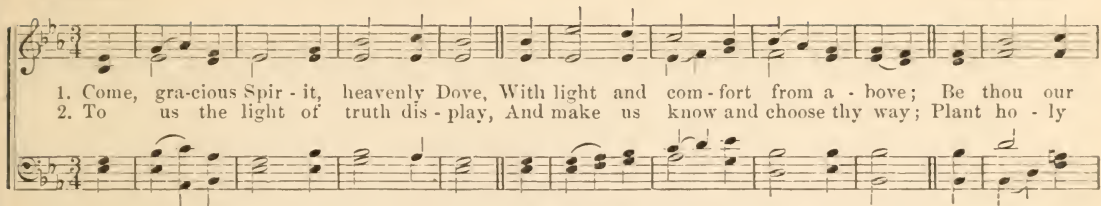
3 Here, great God, to-day we offer  
 Of thine own to thee;  
 And for thine acceptance proffer,  
 All unworthily,  
 Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,  
 In our choicest  
 Melody.

# Come, Gracious Spirit.

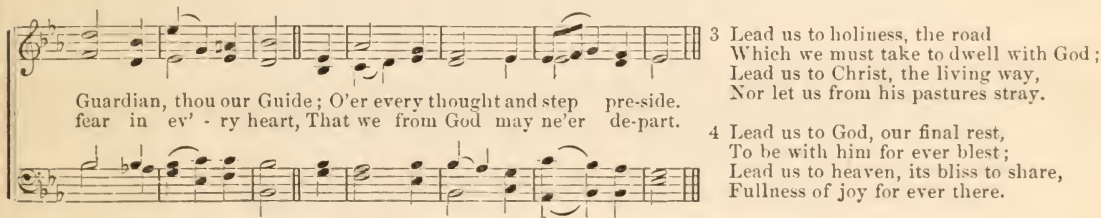
53

S. BROWNE.

E. MILLER.



1. Come, gra-cious Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With light and com-fort from a - bove; Be thou our  
2. To us the light of truth dis - play, And make us know and choose thy way; Plant ho - ly



Guardian, thou our Guide; O'er every thought and step pre-side.  
fear in ev' - ry heart, That we from God may ne'er de-part.

3 Lead us to holiness, the road  
Which we must take to dwell with God;  
Lead us to Christ, the living way,  
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

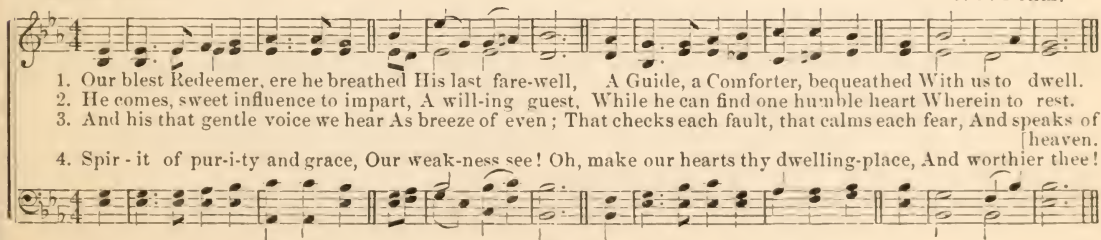
4 Lead us to God, our final rest,  
To be with him for ever blest;  
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share,  
Fullness of joy for ever there.

54

# Our Blest Redeemer, ere He Breathed.

HARRIET AUBER.

J. B. DYKES.



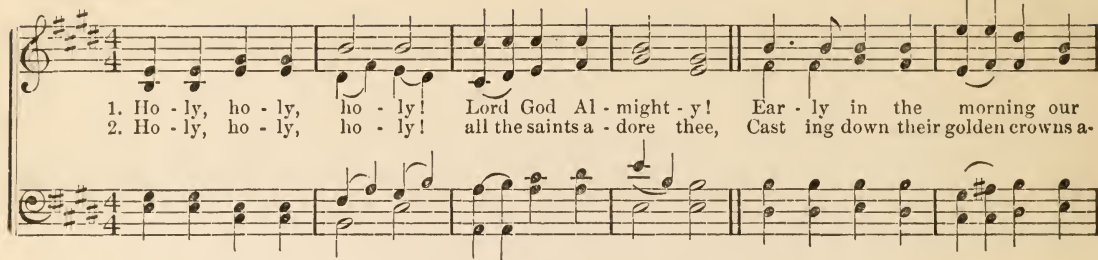
1. Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed His last fare-well, A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed With us to dwell.  
2. He comes, sweet influence to impart, A will-ing guest, While he can find one humble heart Wherein to rest.  
3. And his that gentle voice we hear As breeze of even; That checks each fault, that calms each fear, And speaks of heaven.  
4. Spir - it of pur-i-ty and grace, Our weak-ness see! Oh, make our hearts thy dwelling-place, And worthier thee!



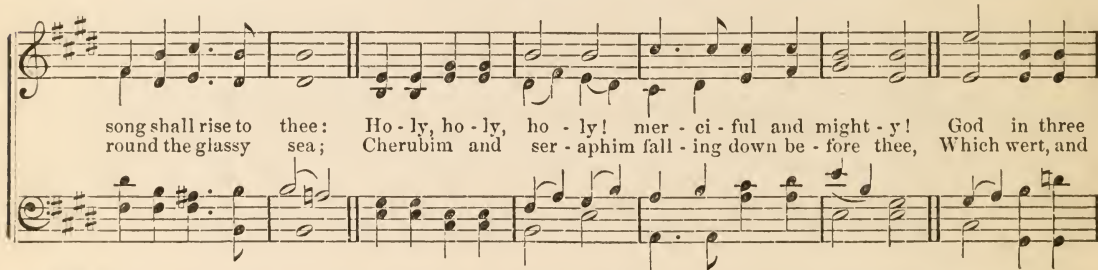
## Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty.

REGINALD HEBER.

J. B. DYKES.



1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morning our  
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore thee, Cast ing down their golden crowns a -



song shall rise to thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in three  
round the glassy sea; Cherubim and ser - aphim fall - ing down be - fore thee, Which wert, and



per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!  
art, and ev - er - more shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,  
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee  
Perfect in pow'r, in love and purity.


4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!  
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth, and  
sky, and sea:  
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!  
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

# O Word of God Incarnate.

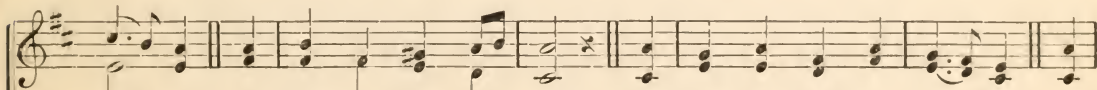
56

W. W. How.


QUEEN HORTENSE. Arr.



1. O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high, O Truth unchanged un-  
 2. It is the gold - en cask - et, Where gems of truth are stored; It is the heav'n-drawn  
 3. Oh, make thy Church, dear Sa - viour, A lamp of bur-nished gold, To bear be - fore the



chang-ing, O Light of our dark sky,— We praise thee for the ra - diance That  
 pic - ture Of Christ, the liv - ing Word: It float - eth like a ban - ner Be-  
 na - tions Thy true light, as of old. Oh, teach thy wan - d'ring pil - grims By



from the hal - low'd page, A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.  
 fore God's hosts un - furl'd; It shin-eth like a bea - con A - bove the dark - ling world.  
 this their path to trace Till, clouds and darkness end - ed, They see thee face to face.

## Come Unto Me, Ye Weary.

W. C. DIX.

Arr. from SILCHER.

1. "Come un - to me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest." Oh, bless - ed voice of  
 2. "Come un - to me, ye wan - d'ers, And I will give you light." Oh, lov - ing voice of  
 3. "And who - so - ev - er com - eth I will not cast him out." Oh, wel - come voice of

Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest! It tells of ben - e - die - tion, Of  
 Je - sus, Which comes to cheer the night! Our hearts were filled with sad - ness, And  
 Je - sus, Which drives a - way our doubt!— Which calls us ve - ry sin - ners, Un -

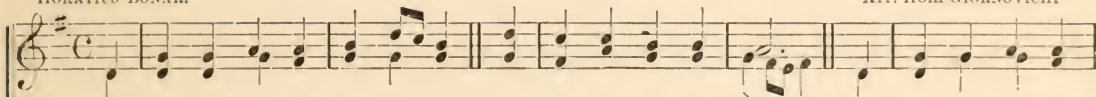
par - don, grace, and peace, Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which can - not cease.  
 we had lost our way, But morn - ing brings us glad - ness, And songs the break of day.  
 wor - thy though we be Of love so free and bound - less, To come, dear Lord, to thee!

# I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

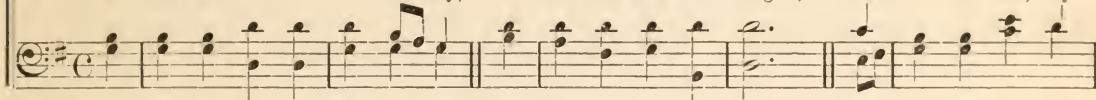
58

HORATIUS BONAR.

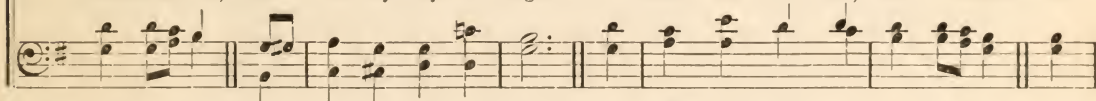
Arr. from GIORNOVICH



1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to me and rest; Lay down, thou wea - ry  
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Be - hold I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter;  
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, I am this dark world's Light; Look un - to me, thy



one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast. I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea -  
 thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink, and live. I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of  
 morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright. I looked to Je - sus, and I found In



ry, and worn, and sad; I found in him a rest - ing-place, And he has made me glad.  
 that life - giv - ing stream; My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in him.  
 him my Star, my Sun; And in that light of life I'll walk, 'Till trav'-ling days are done.





## Jesus, I Come to Thee.

T. F. SEWARD. By per.

1. Je - sus, I come to thee; no one be - side Cares for the sor - row I'm striving to hide; Help - less and  
 2. Un - to thy love, like a bird to its nest, Sad - ly out - wearied, I come back for rest; Noth - ing I  
 3. Far from the narrow way long I have strayed, Dark clouds have covered me where I have pray'd; Now to thy  
 4. Back to thy dear love for shelter and rest, Now, Lord, I flee, like a bird to its nest; Noth - ing I

*p* REFRAIN.

des - o - late, tired with my sin, O - pen thine arms for me, Lord, take me in!  
 bring to thee, Christ, but my sin, O - pen thine arms for me, Lord, take me in!  
 mer - cy I come with my sin, O - pen thine arms for me, Lord, take me in!  
 bring thee but sor - row and sin, O - pen thine arms for me, Lord, take me in!

Open now thine arms for me;

*cres.*

Pit - y, Lord, and com - fort me; O - pen now thine arms for me, for me, Lord, take me in!



# There is a Path that Leads to God.

60

JANE TAYLOR.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. There is a path that leads to God; All oth - ers go a - stray; Nar - row, but pleas - ant,  
2. It leads straight through this world of sin, And dan - gers must be passed; But those who bold - ly

is the road, And Christians know the way.  
walk there - in Will get to heaven at last.

3 How shall an infant pilgrim dare  
This dangerous path to tread?  
For on the way is many a snare  
For youthful travellers spread.

4 But, lest my feeble steps should slide  
Or wander from the way,  
Lord, condescend to be my guide,  
And I shall never stray.

61

# Jesus, Meek and Gentle.

G. R. PRYNNE.

German. Arr. by W. H. MONK.

1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most high, Pitying, loving Sa - viour, Hear thy children's cry.  
2. Give us ho - ly freedom, Fill our hearts with love; Draw us, holy Je - sus, To the realms a - bove.  
3. Lead us on our jour - ney, Be thy - self the way Through terrestrial dark - ness To ce - les - tial day.

## O Jesus, Thou art Standing.

W. W. How.

E. HUSBAND.

1. O Je - sus, thou art standing      Out - side the fast-closed door,      In low - ly patience  
 2. O Je - sus, thou art knocking;      And lo! that hand is scarred,      And thorns thy brow en-  
 3. O Je - sus, thou art plead-ing      In ac - cents meek and low,—      "I died for you, my

wait - ing      To pass the threshold o'er:      Oh, shame up-on the chil - dren      He  
 cir - cle,      And tears thy face have marred:      Oh, love that passeth know - ledge,      So  
 chil - dren,      And will ye treat me so?"      O Lord, with shame and sor - row      We

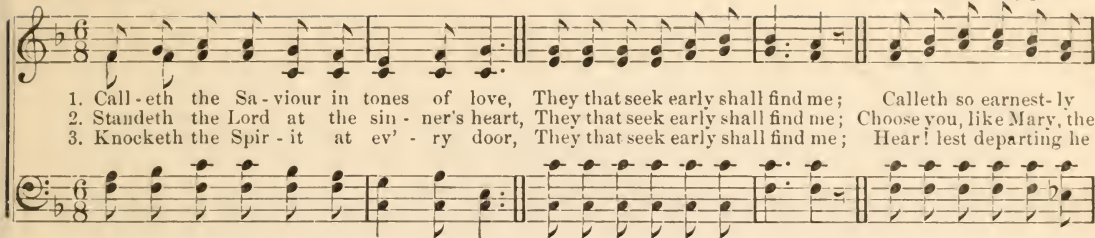
in his arms would bear;      Oh, shame, thrice shame up-on them!      To keep him stand - ing there.  
 pa - tient-ly to wait!      Oh, sin that hath no e - qual,      So fast to bar the gate!  
 o - pen now the door:      Dear Sa - viour, en - ter, en - ter,      And leave us nev - er - more.

# Calleth the Saviour.

63

E. G. TAYLOR.

E. G. TAYLOR. By per.

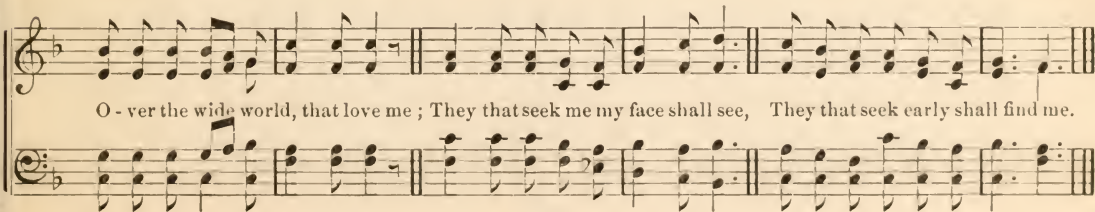


1. Call-eth the Sa-viour in tones of love, They that seek early shall find me; Calleth so earnest-ly  
 2. Standeth the Lord at the sin-ner's heart, They that seek early shall find me; Choose you, like Mary, the  
 3. Knocketh the Spir-it at ev-ry door, They that seek early shall find me; Hear! lest departing he

## REFRAIN.



from a-bove, They that seek ear-ly shall find me.  
 bet-ter part, They that seek ear-ly shall find me. } I love them, wherso-ev-er they be  
 come no more, They that seek ear-ly shall find me. }



O-ver the wide world, that love me; They that seek me my face shall see, They that seek early shall find me.

## Broken Hearted, Empty Handed.

Mrs. E. A. ANDREWS.

W. H. DOANE. By per.

1. Brok-en hearted, empty hand - ed, Weak and poor I come to thee ; Thou dost mark the sparrow's falling,  
 2. Brok-en hearted, empty hand - ed, I have reached the open door ; There in faith devoutly kneel - ing,  
 3. Brok-en hearted, empty hand - ed, Yet thy word can bid me live ; Thou art rich in love and bless-ing,  
 4. Brok-en hearted, empty hand - ed, Heal and cleanse me, Lord, I pray ; Fill my hands with seed to scat-ter

## REFRAIN.

Sure - ly thou wilt care for me. }  
 Thy for - give-ness I im - plore. } Brok-en heart-ed, emp-ty hand-ed, Lord, thy mer-cy is my  
 Naught have I but sin to give.  
 In thy field from day to day.

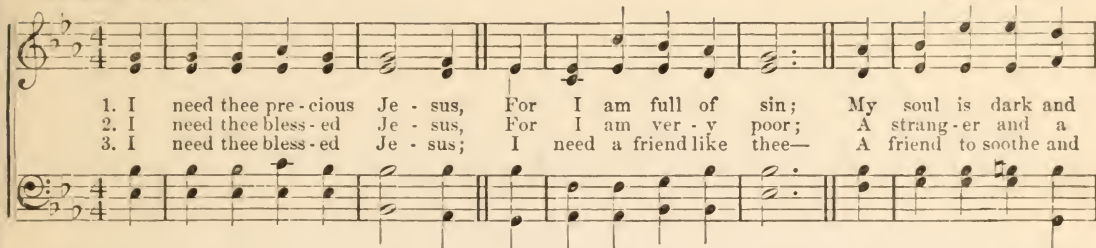
on - ly plea. O my Sa - viour, thine I long to be ! Look on me, oh, look on me !

# I Need Thee, Precious Jesus.

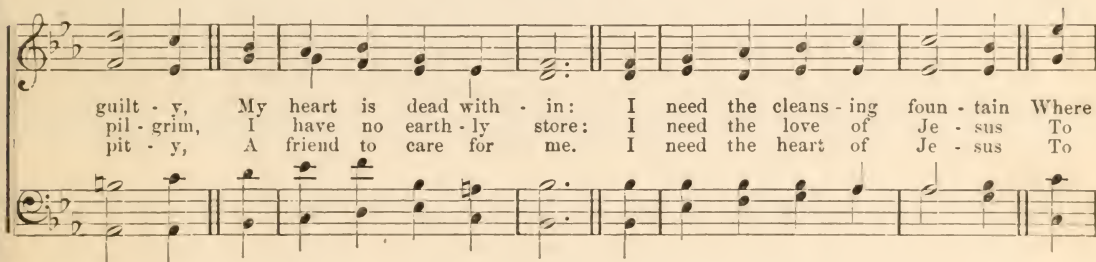
65

FREDERICK WHITFIELD.

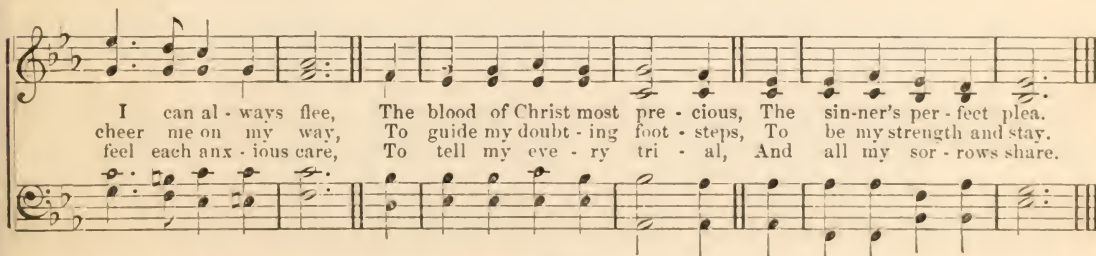
S. S. WESLEY.



1. I need thee pre-cious Je-sus, For I am full of sin; My soul is dark and  
 2. I need thee bless-ed Je-sus, For I am ver-y poor; A strang-er and a  
 3. I need thee bless-ed Je-sus; I need a friend like thee— A friend to soothe and



guilt-y, My heart is dead with-in: I need the cleans-ing foun-tain Where  
 pil-grim, I have no earth-ly store: I need the love of Je-sus To  
 pit-y, A friend to care for me. I need the heart of Je-sus To



I can al-ways flee, The blood of Christ most pre-cious, The sin-ner's per-fect plea.  
 cheer me on my way, To guide my doubt-ing foot-steps, To be my strength and stay.  
 feel each anx-ious care, To tell my eve-ry tri-al, And all my sor-rows share.



## My Saviour Stands Waiting.

REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

J. E. GOULD. By per.

1. { My Sa - viour stands wait-ing, and knocks at the door— Has knocked, and is knocking a - gain; } In  
 I hear his kind voice; I'll re - ject him no more, Nor let him stand pleading in vain. }  
 2. { O Sa - viour, my Ran - som, Re - deem - er and Friend, The Life and the Truth and the Way, } Thy  
 On thy pre - cious mer - it a - lone I de - pend; Dwell in me and keep me, I pray. }

in - fi - nite mer - cy he came from a - bove To ransom, to cleanse me from sin; I'll yield to the voice of his  
 good-ness hath o - pened the door of my heart; 'Tis o - pen in wel - come to thee: Come in, blessed Saviour, and

REFRAIN.  
 mer - ci - ful love, And let my dear Sa - viour come in. } Sa - viour, come in, cleanse me from sin;  
 nev - er de - part; Come in, with thy mer - cy, to me. }

Je - sus, my Saviour, come in, come in! En - ter the door, waiting 'no more, Saviour, dear Saviour, come in.

# Just as I Am.

67

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

W. H. BIRCH.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou  
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee, whose  
 3. Just as I am, though tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt, Fightings with-

bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come!  
 blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!  
 in and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am,—thou wilt receive,  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
 Because thy promise I believe,  
 O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—thy love unknown  
 Has broken every barrier down,—  
 Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
 O Lamb of God, I come!

68

# Precious Blood of Jesus.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Precious, precious blood of Je-sus, Shed on Cal-va-ry; Shed for rebels, shed for sinners, Shed for me.  
 2. Precious blood that hath redeemed us! All the price is paid: Perfect pardon now is offered, Peace is made.  
 3. Precious, precious blood of Jesus, Let it make thee whole; Let it flow in mighty cleansing O'er thy soul.  
 4. Though thy sins are red like crimson, Deep in scarlet glow, Jesus' precious blood can make them White as snow.

## While Jesus Whispers to You.

W. E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER. By per,

1. While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sin-ner, come; While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come.  
 2. Are you too heav-y la-den? Come, sin-ner, come; Je - sus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come.  
 3. Oh, hear his ten - der pleading, Come, sinner, come; Come, and re-ceive the blessing, Come, sinner, come.

Now is the time to own him, Come, sin-ner, come; Now is the time to know him, Come, sinner, come.  
 Je - sus will not de-ceive you, Come, sinner, come; Je - sus can now re-deem you, Come, sinner, come.  
 While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin-ner, come; While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come.

## O Lord, I am Not Worthy.

Arr. from Old Melody.

1. O Lord, I am not worthy That thou shouldst come to me; But speak the word of comfort, My spirit healed shall be.  
 2. And humbly I'll receive thee, The Bridegroom of my soul, No more by sin to grieve thee, Or fly thy sweet control.

# Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

71

J. E. GOULD. By per.

1. Je - sus, Sa - viour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - ous sea;  
 2. As a moth - er stills her child Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;  
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treacherous shoal;  
 Boi - terous waves o - bey thy will When thou sayest to them "Be still."  
 'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on thy breast,

Chart and com - pass came from thee: Je - sus, Sa - viour, pi - lot me.  
 Won - drous Sov' - reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sa - viour, pi - lot me.  
 May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"



## Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

C. WESLEY.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the bil - lows near me roll,  
D.S.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide;

While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;  
Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me:  
All my trust on thee is stayed,  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want—  
More than all in thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
Vile and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within;  
Thou of life the Fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee;  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.



B. SCHMOLKE.  
Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK.

# My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

73

Arr. from C. M. VON WEBER.

1. My Je - sus, as thou wilt! Oh, may thy will be mine! In - to thy  
2. My Je - sus, as thou wilt! Though seen through many a tear, Let not thy  
3. My Je - sus, as thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each chang - ing

hand of love I would my all re - sign; Through sor - row or through joy,  
star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear; Since thou on earth hast wept,  
fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with thee: Straight to my home a - bove

Con - duct me as thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done!  
And sor - rowed oft a - lone, If I must weep with thee, My Lord, thy will be done!  
I trav - el calm - ly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, thy will be done!

## My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

J. H. CORNELL. By per.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - ya - ry, Sa - viour di - vine;  
 2. May thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint - ing heart, My zeal in - spire;  
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread, Be thou my guide;

Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way, Oh, let me  
 As thou hast died for me, Oh, may my love to thee, Pure, warm and  
 Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's tears a - way, Nor let me

from this day Be whol - ly thine.  
 change - less be A liv - ing fire.  
 ev - er stray From thee a - side.

4 When ends life's transient dream,  
 When death's cold, sullen stream  
 Shall o'er me roll,  
 Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
 Fear and distrust remove;  
 Oh, bear me safe above,  
 A ransomed soul.

# Rock of Ages.

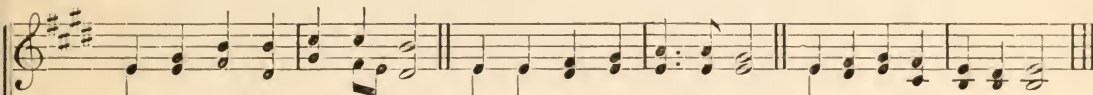
75

A. M. TOPLADY.

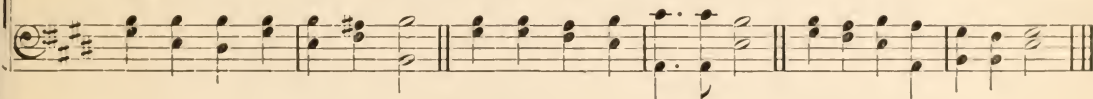
R. REDHEAD.



1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in thee; Let the wa-ter and the blood



From thy riv - en side which flowed, Be of sin the double cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power.



2 Not the labors of my hands  
Can fulfill thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;  
Simply to thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to thee for dress,  
Helpless, look to thee for grace,  
Foul, I to the fountain fly;  
Wash me, Saviour! or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne,  
Rock of ages, cleft for me!  
Let me hide myself in thee.

## Come, Jesus, Redeemer.

RAY PALMER.

OATES.

1. Come, Je - sus, Re - deem - er! a - bide thou with me, Come, glad - den my  
 2. With - out thee but weak - ness, with thee I am strong; By day thou shalt  
 3. Breathe, breathe on my spir - it, oft ruf - fled, thy peace, From rest - less vain

spir - it, that wait - eth for thee; Thy smile ev' - ry shad - ow shall  
 lead me, by night be my song; Though dan - gers sur - round me, I  
 wish - es bid thou my heart cease; In thee all its long - ings hence -

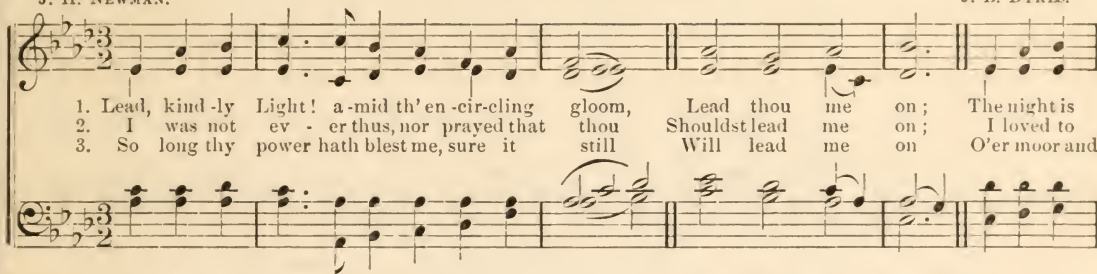
chase from my heart, And soothe ev' - ry sor - row, though keen be the smart.  
 still ev' - ry fear, Since thou, the Most Might - y, my Help - er, art near.  
 for - ward shall end, Till glad to thy pres - ence my soul shall as - cend.

# Lead, Kindly Light.

77

J. H. NEWMAN.

J. B. DYKES.



1. Lead, kind-ly Light! a-mid th'en-cir-ling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is  
 2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to  
 3. So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and



dark, and I am far from home;  
 choose and see my path; but now  
 fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
 Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I  
 Lead thou me on; I loved the gar-ish  
 The night is gone, And with the morn those



do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.  
 day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years.  
 an-gel fa-cies smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while.



## Our Dearest Friend.

S. BARING-GOULD.

Arr. from CHURCH SONGS.

1. Our dear - est Friend in heaven is reign - ing; Here on earth true  
 2. For me he suf - fered an - guish mor - tal; And his pre - cious  
 3. Then keep, O world, thy guilt - y pleas - ures, And thy gifts, what-

friend - ship's rare, And art - ful guile and false - hood feign - ing  
 blood he shed; For me he oped and the heav'n - ly por - tal,  
 e'er be they; For me the di - vine, e - ter - nal treas - ures,

Oft make hon - est hearts de - spair; But still on this my shall  
 When he mount - ed from the dead; And here my cry shall  
 Which shall nev - er pass a - way. Who - e'er as - sail, thou



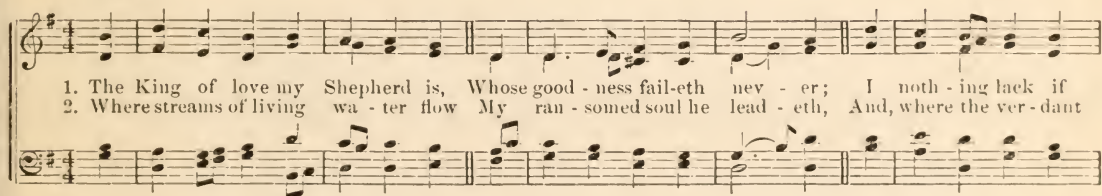
hopes de - pend, My Je - sus is my stead - fast Friend.  
 nev - er end, My Je - sus is my stead - fast Friend.  
 wilt de - fend, My Je - sus, King and stead - fast Friend.

79

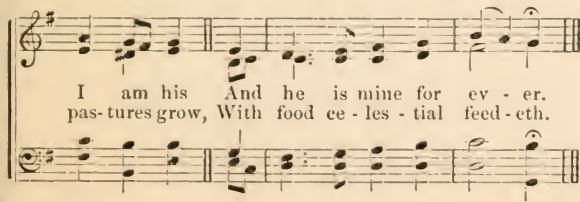
# The King of Love.

H. W. BAKER.

J. B. DYKES.



1. The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose good - ness fail-eth nev - er; I noth - ing lack if  
 2. Where streams of living wa - ter flow My ran - somed soul he lead - eth, And, where the ver - dant



I am his And he is mine for ev - er.  
 pas-tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.

3 Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,  
 But yet in love he sought me,  
 And on his shoulder gently laid,  
 And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 And so through all the length of days  
 Thy goodness faileth never;  
 Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise  
 Within thy house for ever!

## Jesus, Still Lead On.

Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK.

Adapted from SILCHER.

1. Je - sus, still lead on Till our rest be won; And although the way be cheerless,

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The first line of music ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The lyrics '1. Je - sus, still lead on Till our rest be won; And although the way be cheerless,' are written below the first staff.

We will fol - low, calm and fear - less; Guide us by thy hand To our fa - ther-land.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of a treble and a bass staff. The lyrics 'We will fol - low, calm and fear - less; Guide us by thy hand To our fa - ther-land.' are written below the first staff.

2 If the way be drear,  
 If the foe be near,  
 Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,  
 Let not faith and hope forsake us;  
 For through many a foe  
 To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief  
 From a long-felt grief,  
 When temptations come alluring,

Make us patient and enduring;  
 Show us that bright shore  
 Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,  
 Till our rest be won;  
 Heavenly Leader, still direct us,  
 Still support, console, protect us,  
 Till we safely stand  
 In our fatherland.

# We may not Climb the Heavenly Steeps.

81

J. G. WHITTIER.

Arr. from W. V. WALLACE.

1. We may not climb the heavenly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down; In vain we search the  
2. But warm, sweet, ten-der, e - ven yet A pres - ent help is he; And faith has yet its

low - est deeps, For him no depths can drown.  
Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.

3 The healing of the seamless dress  
Is by our beds of pain;  
We touch him in life's throng and press,  
And we are whole again.

4 O Lord and Master of us all,  
Whate'er our name or sign,  
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,  
We test our lives by thine!

82

## Art Thou Weary.

STEPHEN THE SABAITE, 8th Cent.  
Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

H. W. BAKER.

1. Art thou weary, art thou languid, Art thou sore distressed? "Come to me," saith One, "and coming, Be at rest."  
2. Hath he marks to lead me to him, If he be my guide? "In his feet and hands are wound-prints, And his side."  
3. Is there di - a - dem, as monarch, That his brow adorns? "Yes, a crown in ve - ry sure-ty, But of thorns!"

4 If I find him, if I follow,  
What his future here?  
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,  
Many a tear."

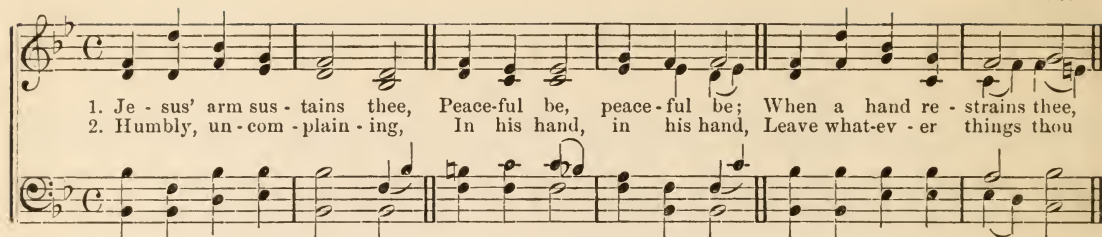
5 If I still hold closely to him,  
What hath he at last?

"Sorrow vanquish'd, labor ended,  
Jordan past."

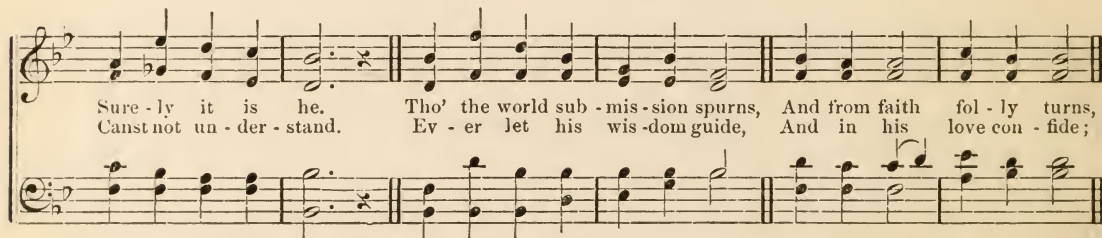
6 If I ask him to receive me,  
Will he say me nay?  
"Not till earth and not till heaven  
Pass away."

## Jesus' Arm Sustains Thee.

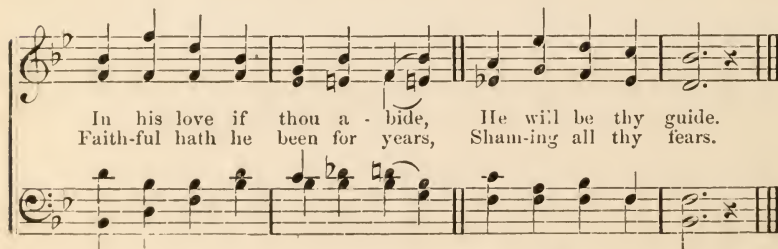
E. H. J.



1. Je - sus' arm sus - tains thee, Peace-ful be, peace-ful be; When a hand re - strains thee,  
2. Humbly, un-com-plain-ing, In his hand, in his hand, Leave what-ev-er things thou



Sure-ly it is he. Tho' the world sub-mis-sion spurns, And from faith fol-ly turns,  
Canst not un-der-stand. Ev-er let his wis-dom guide, And in his love con-fide;



In his love if thou a-bide, He will be thy guide.  
Faith-ful hath he been for years, Sham-ing all thy fears.

3 Whatsoe'er betideth  
Night or day, night or day,  
Know his love provideth  
Benefits alway:  
Every cross he bids thee take  
Bravely bear for his sake;  
Humbly bending to his will,  
Trust and love him still.

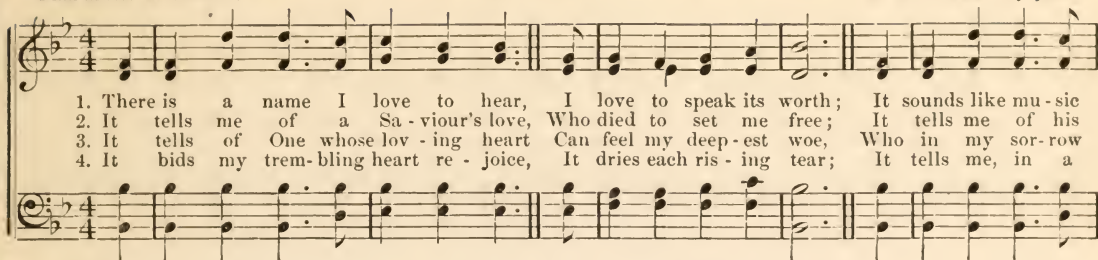


# There is a Name I Love to Hear.

84

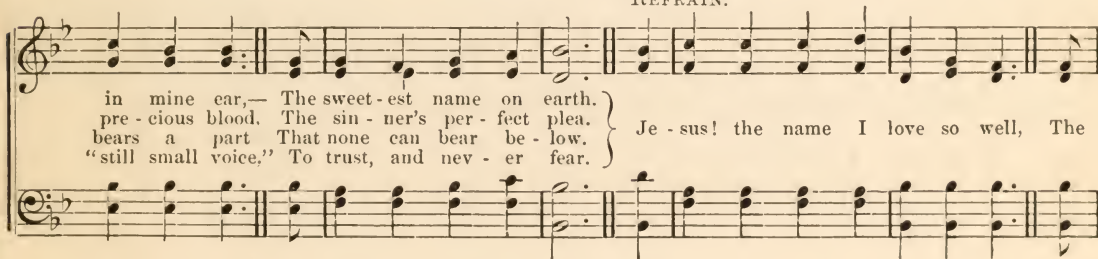
FREDERICK WHITFIELD.

W. H. DOANE. By per.

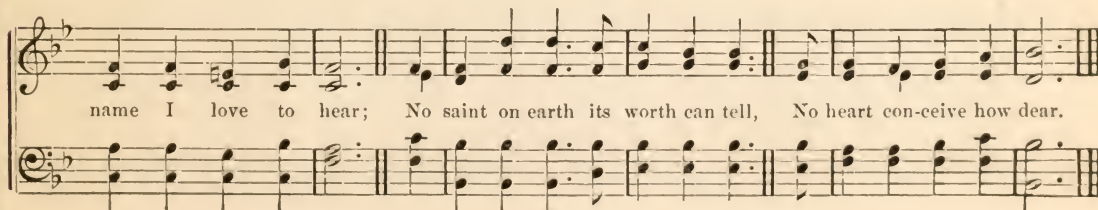


1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to speak its worth; It sounds like mu-sic  
 2. It tells me of a Sa-viour's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me of his  
 3. It tells of One whose lov-ing heart Can feel my deep-est woe, Who in my sor-row  
 4. It bids my trem-bling heart re-joice, It dries each ris-ing tear; It tells me, in a

## REFRAIN.



in mine ear,— The sweet-est name on earth.  
 pre-cious blood. The sin-ner's per-fect plea.  
 bears a part That none can bear be-low.  
 "still small voice," To trust, and nev-er fear. } Je-sus! the name I love so well, The



name I love to hear; No saint on earth its worth can tell, No heart con-ceive how dear.

## O Jesus! King Most Wonderful.

BERNARD.  
Tr. by E. CASWALL.

J. B. CALKIN.

1. O Je - sus! King most won - der - ful, Thou Con - quer - or re - nowned! Thou sweetness most in -  
2. O Je - sus! Light of all be - low, Thou Fount of life and fire! Sur - pass - ing all the

ef - fa - ble, In whom all joys are found!  
joys we know, All that we can de - sire!

3 May every heart confess thy name,  
And ever thee adore;  
And, seeking thee, itself inflame  
To seek thee more and more.

4 Thee may our tongues for ever bless;  
Thee may we love alone;  
And ever in our life express  
The image of thine own.

## I Think, when I Read that Sweet Story.

JEMIMA LUKE.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men,  
2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his arms had been thrown around me,  
3. Yet still to his foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in his love;

How he called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with him then.  
 That I might have seen his kind look when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."  
 And if I thus ear - nest - ly seek him be - low, I shall see him and hear him a - bove.

87

# Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.  
 Tr. by E. CASWALL.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Je - sus, the ve - ry thought of thee With sweetness fills my breast; But sweeter far thy  
 2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the memory find, A sweeter sound than  
 3. O Hope of ev' - ry con - trite heart! O Joy of all the meek! To those who fall, how

face to see, And in thy pres - ence rest.  
 thy blest name, O Sa - viour of man - kind!  
 kind thou art! How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this  
 Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
 The love of Jesus, what it is,  
 None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,  
 As thou our prize wilt be;  
 Jesus, be thou our glory now,  
 And through eternity.

## Dear Saviour, Ever at my Side.

F. W. FABER.

Arr. from CLARIBEL.

1. Dear Saviour! ev - er at my side, How lov - ing thou must be, To leave thy home in  
 2. I can - not feel thee touch my hand With pressure light and mild, To check me, as my  
 3. And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down Morning and night to pray'r, Some-thing there is with-

heaven to guard A lit - tle child like me! Thy beau - ti - ful and shin - ing face I  
 moth - er did When I was but a child; But I have felt thee in my thoughts Fight -  
 in my heart Which tells me thou art there; Yes, when I pray, thou pray - est too; Thy

see not, though so near;  
 ing with sin for me;  
 pray'r is then for me;  
 The sweet-ness of thy soft low voice I am too deaf to hear.  
 And when my heart loves God, I know The sweetness is from thee.  
 And when I sleep, thou, sleeping not, Dost watch me lov - ing - ly.

# Source from Whence the Streams of Mercy. 89

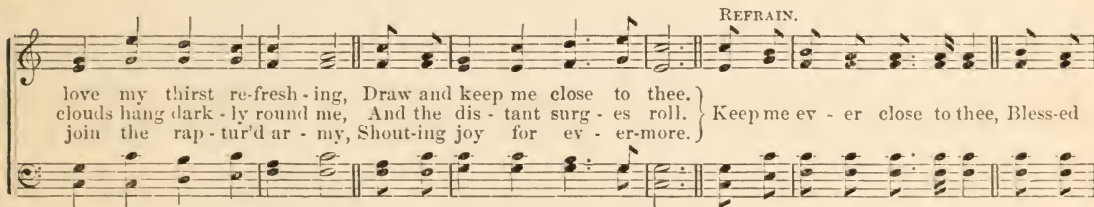
FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

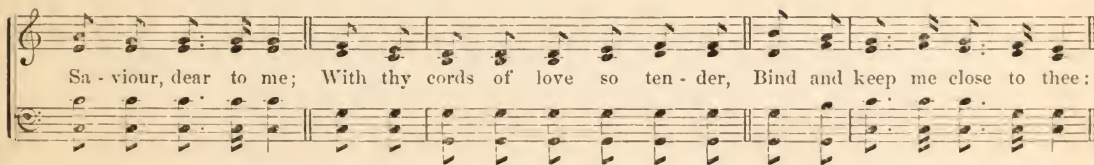


1. Source from whence the streams of mer - cy Like a riv - er flow to me, With thy  
 2. There my life, my hope and com - fort, There a ref - uge for my soul When the  
 3. Close to thee, O Sa - viour, keep me, Till I reach the shin - ing shore,— Till I

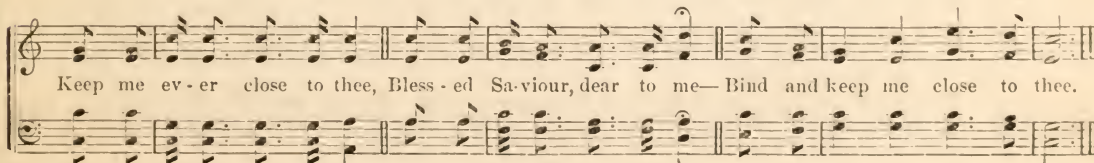
REFRAIN.



love my thirst re-fresh - ing, Draw and keep me close to thee.  
 clouds hang dark - ly round me, And the dis - tant surg - es roll. } Keep me ev - er close to thee, Bless-ed  
 join the rap - tur'd ar - my, Shout-ing joy for ev - er-more. }



Sa - viour, dear to me; With thy cords of love so ten - der, Bind and keep me close to thee:



Keep me ev - er close to thee, Bless - ed Sa-viour, dear to me— Bind and keep me close to thee.



## I Was a Wandering Sheep.

HORATIUS BONAR.

J. ZUNDEL.

1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
 2. The Shepherd sought his sheep, The Father sought his child; He fol-lowed me o'er vale and hill,  
 3. Je-sus my Shepherd is, 'Twas he that loved my soul; 'Twas he that washed me in his blood,

I would not be con-troll'd; I was a wayward child, I did not love my home,  
 O'er des-erts waste and wild; He found me nigh to death, Famished and faint and lone; He  
 'Twas he that made me whole; 'Twas he that sought the lost, That found the wand'ring sheep; 'Twas

did not love my Father's voice, I loved a-far to roam.  
 bound me with the bands of love, He saved the wand'ring one.  
 he that brought me to the fold; 'Tis he that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,  
 I love to be controlled;  
 I love my tender Shepherd's voice,  
 I love the peaceful fold;  
 No more a wayward child,  
 I seek no more to roam;  
 I love my heavenly Father's voice,  
 I love, I love his home!

# When Morning Gilds the Skies.

91

E. CASWALL.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart, a - wak - ing, cries, May Je - sus Christ be praised !

A - like at work and pray'r, To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised !

2 Whene'er the sweet church bell  
Peals over hill and dell,  
May Jesus Christ be praised :  
Oh, hark to what it sings,  
As joyously it rings,  
May Jesus Christ be praised !

3 The night becomes as day,  
When from the heart we say,  
May Jesus Christ be praised :  
The powers of darkness fear,  
When this sweet chant they hear,  
May Jesus Christ be praised.

4 In heaven's eternal bliss  
The loveliest strain is this,  
Let Jesus Christ be praised :  
Let earth, and sea, and sky  
From depth to height reply,  
May Jesus Christ be praised.

5 Be this, while life is mine,  
My canticle divine,  
May Jesus Christ be praised !  
Be this th' eternal song,  
Through all the ages on,  
May Jesus Christ be praised !

## We Weigh the Anchor.

S. BARING-GOULD.

Arr. from CHURCH SONGS.

1. We weigh the an - chor, spread the sail, To reach the promised shore; The wind springs up, we  
 2. Our Cap - tain watch - es night and day, His ho - ly ship to guide; And safe we sail so  
 3. Then keep us, Lord, when seas are smooth, And keep when storms o'erwhelm; Oh, may we ev - er

## REFRAIN.

stand to sea, De - tain us here no more. } Sail - ing, sail - ing o - ver the sea, In  
 long as we With - in his care a - bide. }  
 hear thy voice, And see thee at the helm!

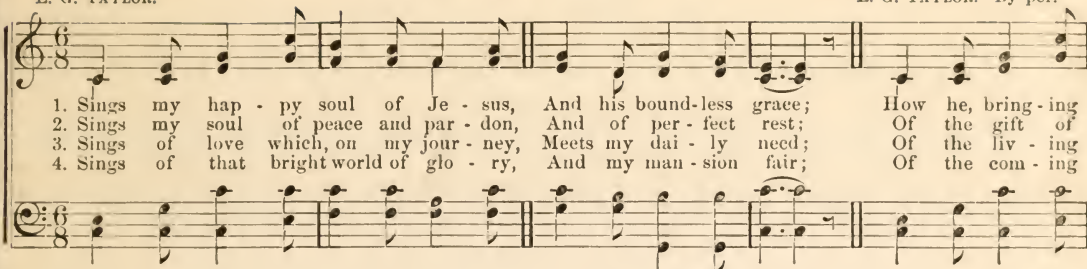
storm and sun - shine bright; Bound for Par - a - dise are we, The land of true de - light.

# Sings My Happy Soul.

93

E. G. TAYLOR.

E. G. TAYLOR. By per.

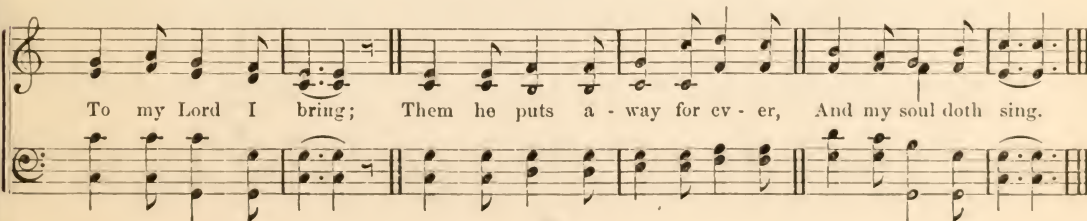


1. Sings my hap - py soul of Je - sus, And his bound-less grace; How he, bring - ing  
 2. Sings my soul of peace and par - don, And of per - fect rest; Of the gift of  
 3. Sings of love which, on my jour - ney, Meets my dai - ly need; Of the liv - ing  
 4. Sings of that bright world of glo - ry, And my man - sion fair; Of the com - ing

## REFRAIN.



in re - demp - tion, Took the sin - ner's place.  
 life e - ter - nal E - ven now pos - sessed.  
 Bread of heav - en, Bread on which I feed. } Sins of scar - let, sins of crim - son,  
 of my Sa - viour Soon to take me there.



To my Lord I bring; Them he puts a - way for ev - er, And my soul doth sing.



## Crown His Head with Endless Blessing.

W. GOODE.

J. F. HAYDN.

1. Crown his head with endless bless-ing, Who, in God the Father's name, With compassions nev-er ceas-ing,  
 2. Lo, Je-ho-vah, we a-dore thee— Thee our Saviour! thee our God! From his throne his beams of glory  
 3. Je-sus, thee our Saviour hail-ing, Thee our God in praise we own; High-est hon-ors, nev-er fail-ing,

Comes sal - va - tion to pro-claim. Hail, ye saints who know his fa - vor, Who with-in his  
 Shine through all the world a - broad; In his word his light a - ri - ses, Bright-est beams of  
 Rise e - ter - nal round thy throne: Now, ye saints, his power con-fess-ing, In your grate-ful

gates are found; Hail, ye saints, th'ex-alt-ed Saviour, Let his courts with praise re-sound.  
 truth and grace; Bind, oh, bind your sac-ri-fi-ces! In his courts your of-ferings place.  
 strains a-dore; For his mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Free-ly flows for ev-er-more.



# O Happy Christian Children.

95

L. TUTTIETT.

Arr. from MOZART.

1. O hap - py Chris - tian chil - dren, Who seek a home a - bove, And read in all cre -  
2. In joy we now ap - proach him, In hope we kneel and pray, For he whose blood re -  
3. When earth no help can find us, And all its lights are gone, He sends his bless - ed

a - tion A heav - en - ly Fa - ther's love! What earth - ly foe can harm us? What  
deemed us Will wash our sins a - way; His ear, in all our dan - gers, Is  
Spir - it To lead us safe - ly on; And when at last our bod - ies Must

pow'r can make us fear, If God is watching o'er us With suc - cor ev - er near?  
list'n - ing when we call, His hand, in all temp - ta - tions, Will hold us lest we fall.  
lay them down to rest, With him, we trust, our spir - its Will be for ev - er blest.

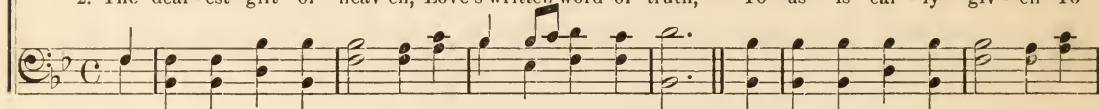
## We Bring no Glittering Treasures.

HARRIET PHILLIPS.

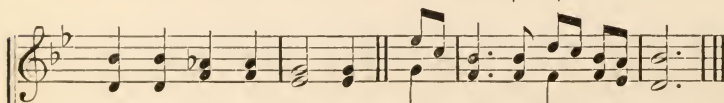
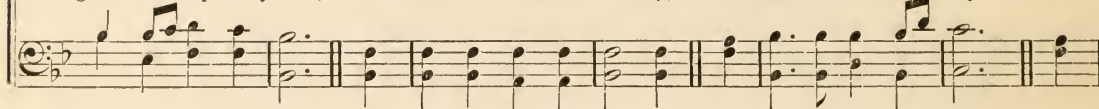
HYMNES DES CROYANTS.



1. We bring no glittering treasures, No gems from earth's deep mine; We come, with simple measures, To  
 2. The dearest gift of heaven, Love's written word of truth, To us is early given To



chant thy love divine. Children, thy favors sharing, Their voice of thanks would raise; Fa-  
 guide our steps in youth; We hear the wondrous story, The tale of Calvary; We



ther, accept our offering, Our song of grateful praise.  
 read of homes in glory From sin and sorrow free.



3 Redeemer, grant thy blessing!  
 Oh, teach us how to pray,  
 That each, thy fear possessing,  
 May tread life's onward way!  
 Then, where the pure are dwelling  
 We hope to meet again,  
 And, sweeter numbers swelling,  
 For ever praise thy name.

# Every Day will I Bless Thee.

97

J. B. ATCHINSON.

E. S. LORENZ. By per.

1. Ev'-ry day will I bless thee, each morning and night, Blessed Je-sus, my Saviour, my Lord and my Light!  
 2. Ev'-ry day will I bless thee, the dark days and bright, For no shadow or darkness can hide from thy sight!  
 3. Ev'-ry day will I bless thee, my God and my King; I will talk of thy goodness and joy-ful-ly sing;

I will serve thee with gladness as long as I live, All I have, all I have un-to thee will I give.  
 Ev-er pres-ent to cheer and de-fend me, O Lord, Ev-er-more, ev-er-more shall thy name be adored.  
 When to thee on the earth cease my songs to be giv'n, I will praise, I will praise thee for ev-er in heav'n.

REFRAIN.

Ev'-ry day will I bless thee, Ev'-ry day will I praise thee! I will praise thee for ev-er and ev-er, O Lord.

E. G. TAYLOR.

E. H. J.

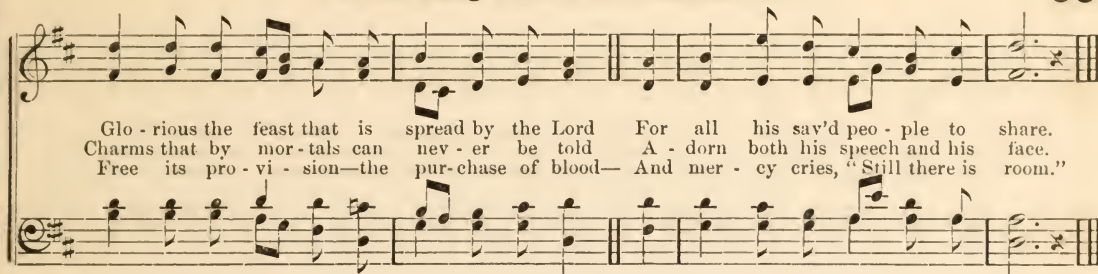
*Not too fast.*

1. At the King's ta - ble the kind-ness of God Has made rich pro - vi - sion for me;  
 2. At the King's ta - ble in glad-ness I sit, Made pure from the sin that de - filed;  
 3. At the King's ta - ble a com - pa - ny grand Is gath - ered—once poor and un - known;—

Cost - ly the ban - quet—the pur - chase of blood— Yet, large as its price, it is free.  
 Robed in the gar - ments of right-eous-ness, fit For one whom he owns as his child;  
 Princ - es are they by the touch of his hand, And heirs to a crown and a throne.

Par - don and peace are the meats of his board, And grace in a - bundance is there;  
 There in his beau - ty the King I be - hold; Ah! match-less is he in his grace;  
 To the King's ta - ble the kind-ness of God In - vites ev' - ry sin - ner to come;





Glo - rious the feast that is spread by the Lord For all his sav'd peo - ple to share.  
 Charms that by mor - tals can nev - er be told A - dorn both his speech and his face.  
 Free its pro - vi - sion—the pur - chase of blood— And mer - cy cries, "Still there is room."

## 99 I've Found the Pearl of Greatest Price.

J. MASON.

ST. ALBAN'S TUNE BOOK.



1. I've found the pearl of great - est price; My heart doth sing for joy;  
 2. Christ is my Proph - et, Priest, and King; My Proph - et full of light,  
 3. Christ Je - sus is my All - in - all, My com - fort and my love;

And sing I must, for Christ is mine; Christ shall my song em - ploy.  
 My great High Priest be - fore the throne, My King of heaven - ly might.  
 My life be - low, and he shall be My joy and crown a - bove.



## The Light on My Pathway.

CHESTER E. POND.

JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

1. The light on my pathway grows brighter and brighter, And warmer and warmer the love in my soul;  
 2. My peace, like a riv - er, grows deeper and deeper, And great-er and greater my trust in the Lord;  
 3. My faith in my Sa - viour grows stronger and stronger, As clos-er and clos-er I walk by his side;

My cares and temptations grow lighter and lighter, And dear-er and dear-er my Saviour's control.  
 My joy - ful communion grows sweeter and sweeter, And rich-er and rich-er the mine of the word.  
 My song of thanksgiving grows longer and longer, As far-ther and far-ther I fol-low my guide.

REFRAIN.

Yes, life-work grows easy, and its burdens grow lighter, As dai - ly thro' Jesus I con-quer each foe;

Oh, prais-es for ev - er! my pathway grows brighter, As rap - id - ly on - ward to glo - ry I go.

101

## Glory Be to Jesus.

ITALIAN. Tr. by E. CASWALL.

H. S. CUTLER. By per.

1. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who, in bit - ter pains, Poured for me the life-blood From his sacred veins!  
 2. Blest through endless a - ges Be the precious stream Which, from endless torments, Did the world re - deem!  
 3. Oft as earth, ex - ult - ing, Wafts its praise on high, An - gel hosts, re - joice - ing, Make their glad re - ply.

Grace and life e - ter - nal In that blood I find; Blest be his com - pas - sion, In - fi - nitely kind.  
 A - bel's blood for ven - geance Pleaded to the skies; But the blood of Je - sus For our pardon cries.  
 Lift ye then your voi - ces; Swell the mighty flood; Loud - er still and loud - er, Praise the precious blood.

## Saviour, Blessed Saviour.

GODFREY THRING.

WILLIAM FITTS.

1. Sa viour, bless-ed      Sa - viour,      Lis - ten while we sing,      Hearts and voi - ces      rais - ing  
 2. Near-er, ev - er      near - er,      Christ, we draw to thee,      Deep in ad - o - ra - tion  
 3. On-ward, ev - er      on - ward,      Journeying o'er the road      Worn by saints be - fore us,

Prais - es to our King; All we have we of - fer; All we hope to be,  
 Bend-ing low the knee: Thou, for our re - demp - tion, Cam'st on earth to die;  
 Journeying on to God; Leav - ing all be - hind us, May we has - ten on,

Bod - y, soul and spir - it, All we yield to thee.  
 Thou, that we might fol - low, Hast gone up on high.  
 Back-ward nev - er look - ing Till the prize is won.

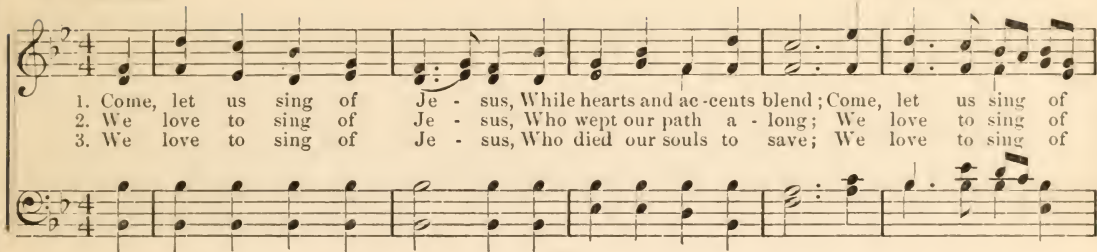
4 Higher still, and higher,  
 Soars the ransomed soul,  
 Earthly toils forgetting,  
 Hastening to its goal,  
 Where in joys unheard of  
 Saints with angels sing,  
 Never weary raising  
 Praises to their King.

# Come, Let us Sing of Jesus.

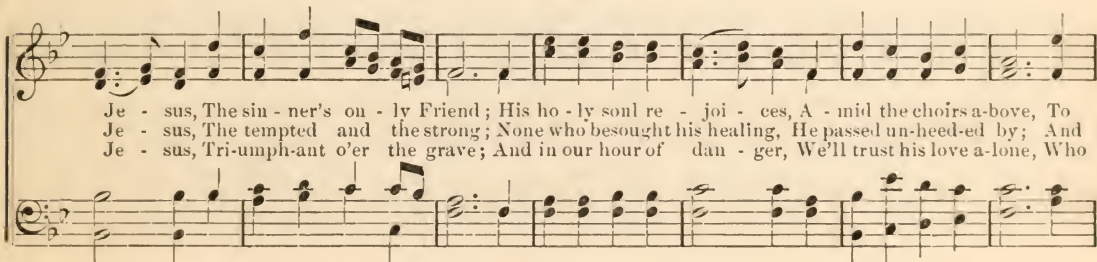
103

G. W. BETHUNE.

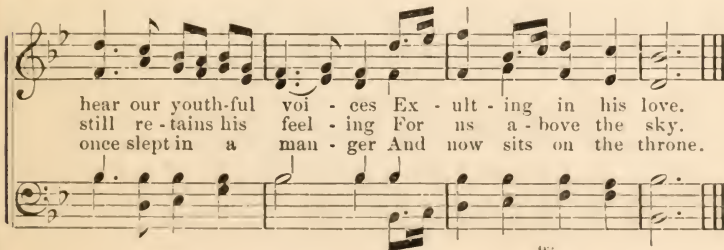
Arr. from G. F. ROOT.



1. Come, let us sing of Je - sus, While hearts and ac - cents blend ; Come, let us sing of  
 2. We love to sing of Je - sus, Who wept our path a - long ; We love to sing of  
 3. We love to sing of Je - sus, Who died our souls to save ; We love to sing of



Je - sus, The sin - ner's on - ly Friend ; His ho - ly soul re - joice, A - mid the choirs a - bove, To  
 Je - sus, The tempted and the strong ; None who besought his healing, He passed un - heed - ed by ; And  
 Je - sus, Tri - umph - ant o'er the grave ; And in our hour of dan - ger, We'll trust his love a - lone, Who



hear our youth - ful voi - ces Ex - ult - ing in his love.  
 still re - tains his feel - ing For us a - bove the sky.  
 once slept in a man - ger And now sits on the throne.

4 Then let us sing of Jesus,  
 While yet on earth we stay,  
 And hope to sing of Jesus  
 Throughout eternal day :  
 For those who here confess him,  
 He will in heaven confess,  
 And faithful hearts that bless him,  
 He will for ever bless.



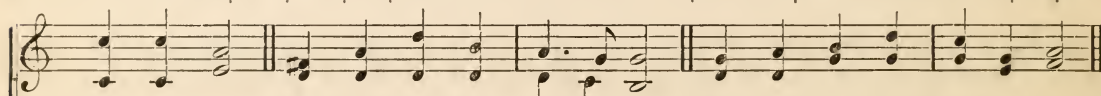
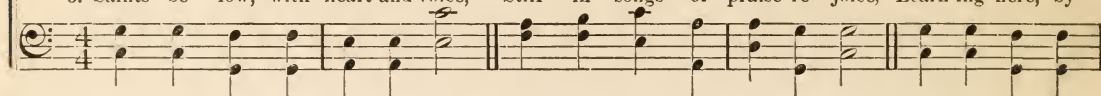
## Songs of Praise the Angels Sang.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

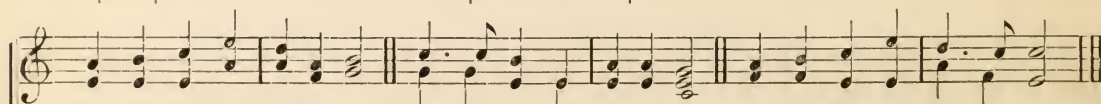
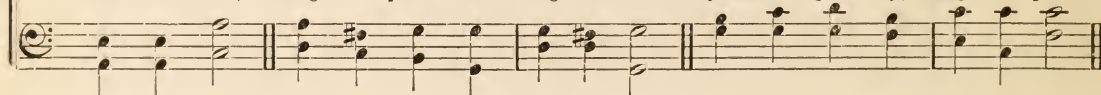
E. J. HOPKINS.



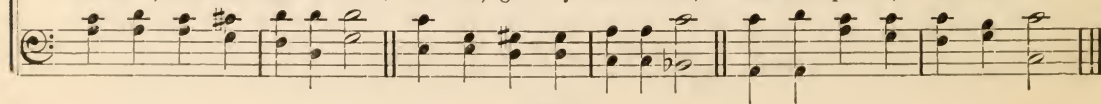
1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heaven with hal - le - lu - jahs rang, When Je - ho - vah's  
 2. Heaven and earth must pass a - way; Songs of praise shall crown that day; God will make new  
 3. Saints be - low, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise re - joice, Learn-ing here, by



work be - gun, When God spake and it was done. Songs of praise a - woke the morn  
 heaven and earth, Songs of praise shall hail their birth. And can man a - lone be dumb  
 faith and love, Songs of praise to sing a - bove. Hymns of glo - ry, songs of praise.



When the Prince of Peace was born; Songs of praise a - rose when he Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.  
 Till that glorious kingdom come? No! the Church delights to raise Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.  
 Fa - ther, un - to thee we raise; Je - sus, glo - ry un - to thee, With the Spir - it, ev - er be.





# I'm a Little Pilgrim.

105

S. BARING-GOULD.

Arr. from CHURCH SONGS.

1. I'm a lit - tle pil - grim, Here I may not stay; Staff in hand I jour - ney,  
2. There are dan - gers ma - ny Met on ev' - ry side; God a guar - dian an - gel

Sing - ing on my way. There have ma - ny chil - dren Gone the self - same road,  
Gives to be my guide. There are bye-paths ma - ny Fool - ish men have trod,

Which to bless - ed Sa - lem Leads, the Lord's a - bode.  
For - ward I am press - ing On the King's high road.

3 Far before me shineth  
Zion, city blest,  
Where the little pilgrim  
In the end may rest.  
Help the little pilgrim,  
Lord, I humbly pray;  
Guard me safe, and keep me  
In the King's highway.

# Grander than Ocean's Story.

W. F. S.

W. F. SHERWIN. By per.

1. Grand - er than o - cean's sto - ry, Or songs of for - est trees— Pur - er than breath of  
 2. Dear - er than a - ny lov - ings The tru - est friends be - stow— Strong - er than all the  
 3. Rich - er than all earth's treas - ure, The wealth my soul re - ceives; Bright - er than roy - al

morn - ing, Or ev'n - ing's gen - tle breeze— Clear - er than moun - tain e - choes Ring  
 yearn - ings A moth - er's heart can know— Deep - er than earth's foun - da - tions, And  
 jew - els, The crown that Je - sus gives; Won - drous the con - de - seen - sion, And

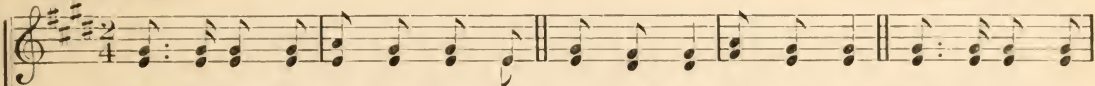
out from peaks a - bove— Rolls on the glo - rious an - them Of God's e - ter - nal love.  
 far a - bove all thought— Broad - er than heav'n's high arches— The love that Christ has brought.  
 grace be - yond de - gree! I would be ev - er sing - ing The love of Christ to me.

# Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

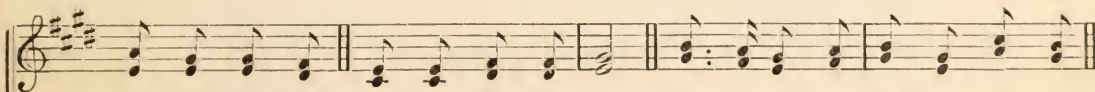
107

MARY B. SLEIGHT.

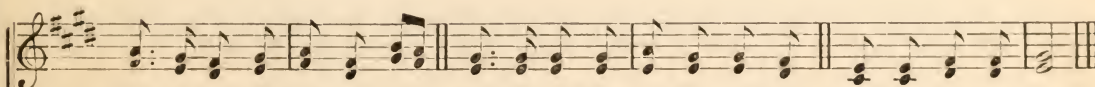
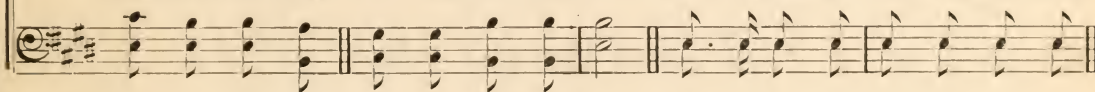
H. R. PALMER. By per.



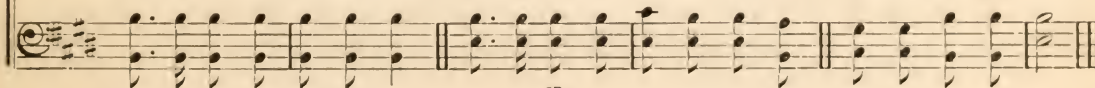
1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Fol - low me, fol - low me," Soft - ly thro' the  
 2. Who will heed the ho - ly man - date, "Fol - low me, fol - low me," Leav - ing all things  
 3. Heark-en, lest he plead no long - er, "Fol - low me, fol - low me;" Once a - gain, oh,



si - lence fall - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me;" As of old he called the fish - ers,  
 at his bid - ding, "Fol - low, fol - low me?" Hark! that ten - der voice en - treat - ing,  
 hear him call - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me." Turn - ing swift at thy sweet sum - mons,



When he walk'd by Gal - i - lee, Still his pa - tient voice is plead - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me."  
 Mar - i - ners on life's rough sea, Gent - ly, lov - ing - ly re - peat - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me."  
 Ev - er - more, dear Christ, would we, For thy love all else for - sak - ing, Fol - low, fol - low thee.



## 108

## We Give Thee but Thine Own.

W. W. How.

W. H. MONK.

1. We give thee but thine own,    Whate'er the gift may be;    For all we have is  
 2. Oh! hearts are bruised and dead,    And homes are bare and cold,    And lambs, for whom the  
 3. To com - fort and to bless,    To find a balm for woe,    To tend the lone and

thine a - lone,    A trust,    O    Lord, from thee.  
 Shep - herd bled,    Are stray - ing    from the fold.  
 fa - ther - less,    This is    our    work be - low.

4 The captive to release,  
 To God the lost to bring,  
 To teach the way of life and peace,  
 It is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe thy word,  
 Though dim our faith may be;  
 Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,  
 We do it unto thee.

## 109

## Lord, Lead the Way.

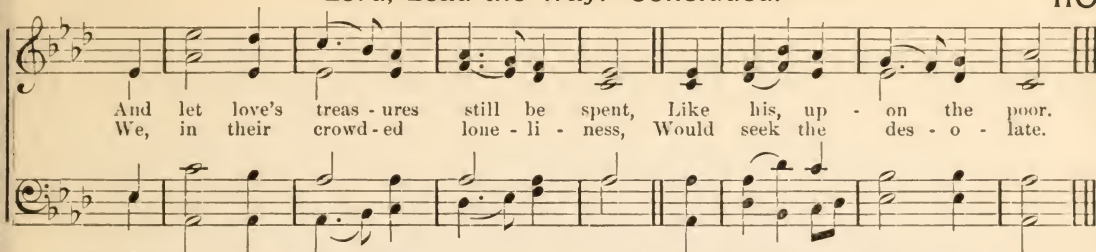
W. CROSWELL.

L. DEVEREAUX.

1. Lord, lead the way the    Sa - viour went,    By lane and cell ob - scure,  
 2. Like him, through scenes of    deep dis - tress,    Who bore the world's sad weight,

# Lord, Lead the Way.—Concluded.

110



And let love's treasures still be spent, Like his, up on the poor.  
We, in their crowd-ed lone-li-ness, Would seek the des-o-late.

3 For thou hast placed us side by side  
In this wide world of ill;  
And that thy followers may be tried,  
The poor are with us still.

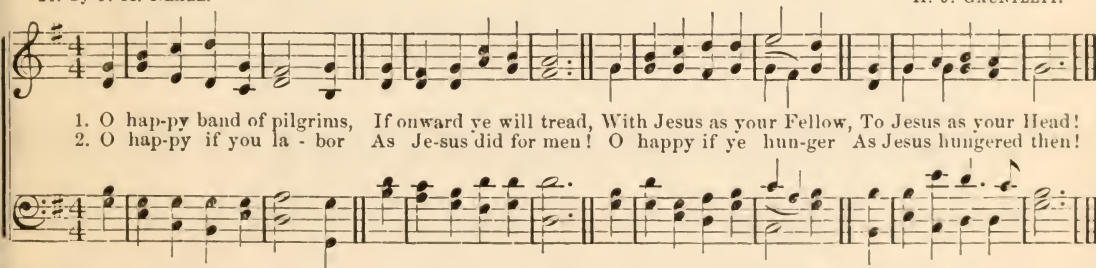
4 Mean are all offerings we can make;  
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,  
If given for the Saviour's sake,  
They lose not their reward.

110

# O Happy Band of Pilgrims.

JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM, 9th Cent.  
Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



1. O hap-py band of pilgrims, If onward ye will tread, With Jesus as your Fellow, To Jesus as your Head!  
2. O hap-py if you la-bor As Je-sus did for men! O happy if ye hun-ger As Jesus hungered then!

3 The cross that Jesus carried  
He carried as your due;  
The crown that Jesus weareth  
He weareth it for you.

4 O happy band of pilgrims,  
Look upward to the skies,  
Where such a light affliction  
Shall win so great a prize.



## More Like Jesus.

FANNY CROSBY. By per.

J. BLUMENTHAL.

1. More like Je - sus would I be, Let my Sa-viour dwell with me; Fill my soul with  
 2. If he hears the ra-ven's cry, If his ev - er watch-ful eye Marks the spar-rows  
 3. More like Je - sus when I pray, More like Je - sus day by day, May I rest me

peace and love, Make me gen - tle as a dove; More like Je - sus while I go,  
 when they fall, Sure - ly he will hear my call: He will teach me how - to live,  
 by his side, Where the tran - quil wa - ters glide! Born of him, through grace re-newed,

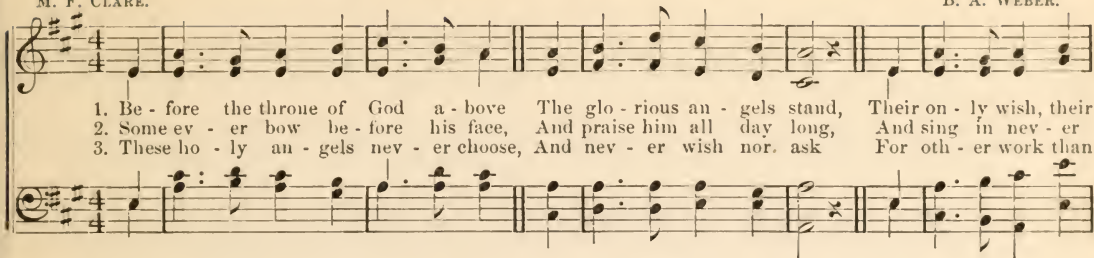
Pil - grim in this world be-low; Poor in spir-it would I be, Let my Sa - viour dwell in me.  
 All my sin - ful thoughts forgive; Pure in heart I still would be, Let my Sa - viour dwell in me.  
 By his love my will sub-dued, Rich in faith I still would be, Let my Sa - viour dwell in me.

# Before the Throne of God Above.

112

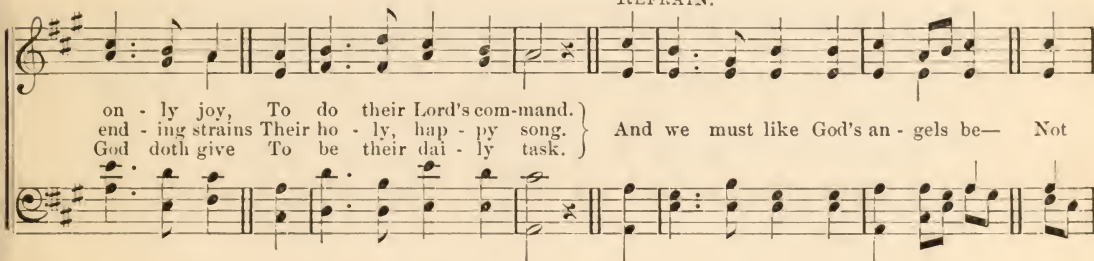
M. F. CLARE.

B. A. WEBER.

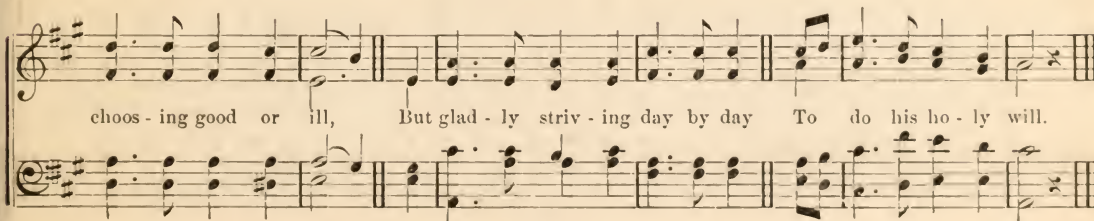


1. Be - fore the throne of God a - bove The glo - rious an - gels stand, Their on - ly wish, their  
 2. Some ev - er bow be - fore his face, And praise him all day long, And sing in nev - er  
 3. These ho - ly an - gels nev - er choose, And nev - er wish nor ask For oth - er work than

## REFRAIN.



on - ly joy, To do their Lord's com-mand.  
 end - ing strains Their ho - ly, hap - py song. } And we must like God's an - gels be— Not  
 God doth give To be their dai - ly task. }

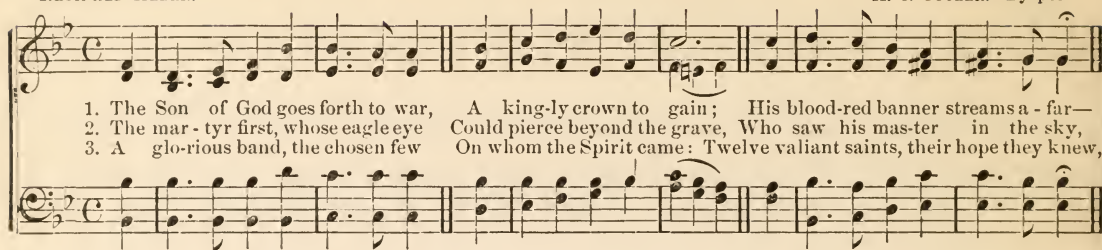


choos - ing good or ill, But glad - ly striv - ing day by day To do his ho - ly will.

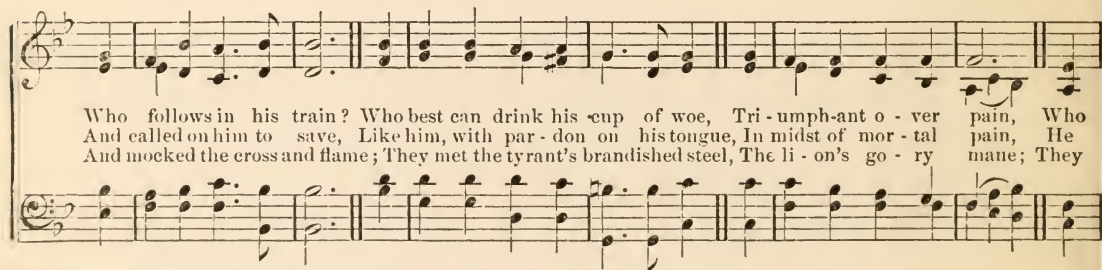
## The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

REGINALD HEBER.

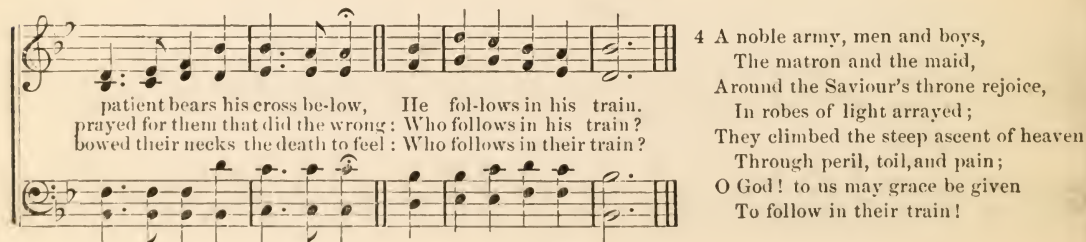
H. S. CUTLER. By per.



1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; His blood-red banner streams a - far—  
 2. The mar - tyr first, whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave, Who saw his mas-ter in the sky,  
 3. A glo-rious band, the chosen few On whom the Spirit came: Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,



Who follows in his train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umphant o - ver pain, Who  
 And called on him to save, Like him, with par-don on his tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain, He  
 And mocked the cross and flame; They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The li-on's go-ry mane; They



patient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in his train.  
 prayed for them that did the wrong: Who follows in his train?  
 bowed their necks the death to feel: Who follows in their train?

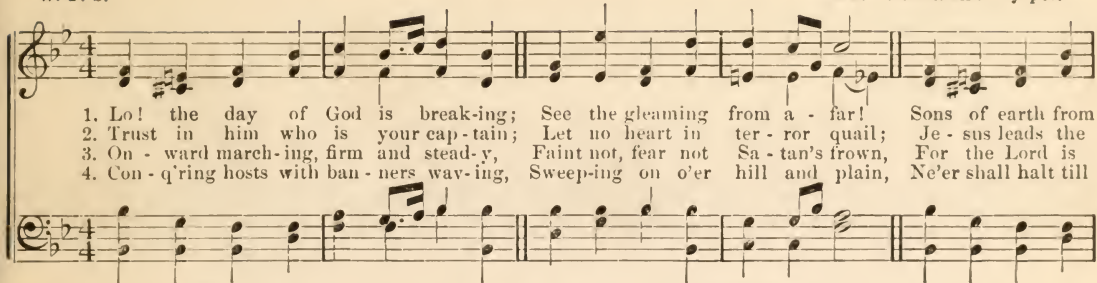
4 A noble army, men and boys,  
 The matron and the maid,  
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
 In robes of light arrayed;  
 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven  
 Through peril, toil, and pain;  
 O God! to us may grace be given  
 To follow in their train!

# Lo! The Day of God is Breaking.

114

W. F. S.

WM. F. SHERWIN. By per.



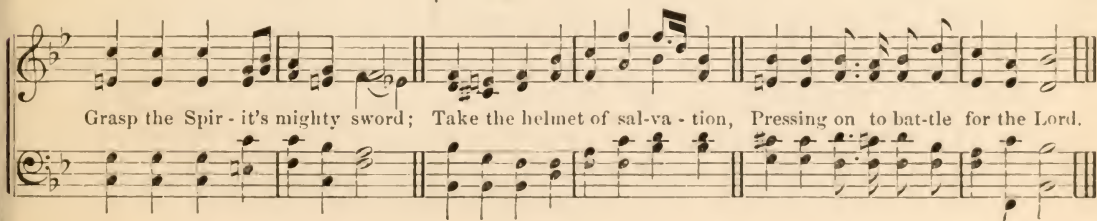
1. Lo! the day of God is break-ing; See the gleaming from a - far! Sons of earth from  
 2. Trust in him who is your cap-tain; Let no heart in ter - ror quail; Je - sus leads the  
 3. On - ward march-ing, firm and stead-y, Faint not, fear not Sa - tan's frown, For the Lord is  
 4. Con - q'ring hosts with ban - ners wav-ing, Sweep-ing on o'er hill and plain, Ne'er shall halt till

## REFRAIN.



slum - ber wak - ing, Hail the bright and morn-ing Star.  
 gath'r - ing le - gions, In his name we shall pre - vail.  
 with you al - ways Till you wear the victor's crown.  
 swells the an - them, "Christ o'er all the world doth reign!"

Hear the call! oh, gird your armor on!



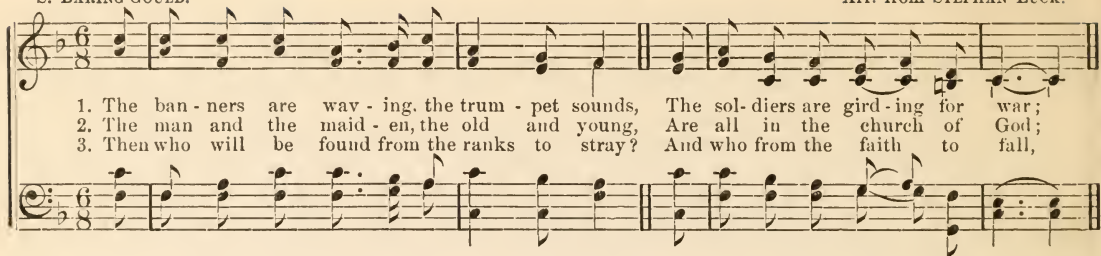
Grasp the Spir - it's mighty sword; Take the helmet of sal - va - tion, Pressing on to bat-tle for the Lord.



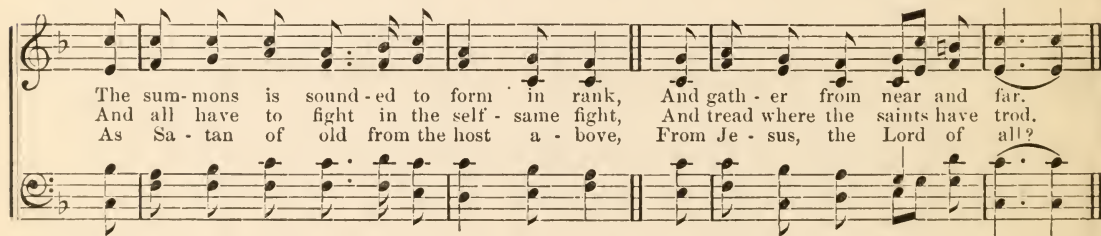
## The Banners are Waving.

S. BARING-GOULD.

Arr. from STEPHAN LÜCK.



1. The ban - ners are wav - ing, the trum - pet sounds, The sol - diers are gird - ing for war;  
 2. The man and the maid - en, the old and young, Are all in the church of God;  
 3. Then who will be found from the ranks to stray? And who from the faith to fall,



The sum - mons is sound - ed to form in rank, And gath - er from near and far.  
 And all have to fight in the self - same fight, And tread where the saints have trod,  
 As Sa - tan of old from the host a - bove, From Je - sus, the Lord of all?




The shield of the faith on the arm made fast, The sword of the Lord in hand,  
 The Cap - tain a - bove us is Je - sus Christ, His ban - ner the cross so red;  
 With shoul - der to shoul - der, and firm as flint, We swerve not to left nor right;



# The Banners are Waving.—Concluded.

116




We march in the glo - rious host of God, We fight at the King's com - mand.  
 We march in the glo - rious host of God, We fol - low our King and Head.  
 We march in the glo - rious host of God, The sol - diers and sons of light.

# 116 I'm Not Ashamed to Own My Lord.

ISAAC WATTS.

A. R. REINAGLE.



1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to de - fend his cause, Main - tain the hon - or  
 2. Je - sus, my God!—I know his name—His name is all my trust; Nor will he put my  
 of his word, The glo - ry of his cross.  
 soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.

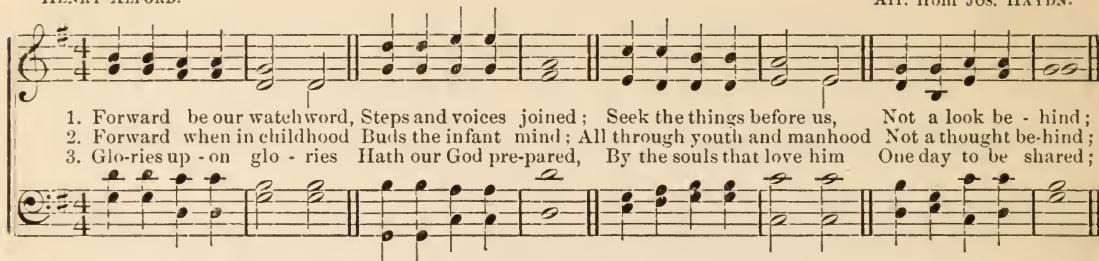
3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,  
 And he can well secure  
 What I've committed to his hands  
 Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name  
 Before his Father's face,  
 And in the new Jerusalem  
 Appoint my soul a place.

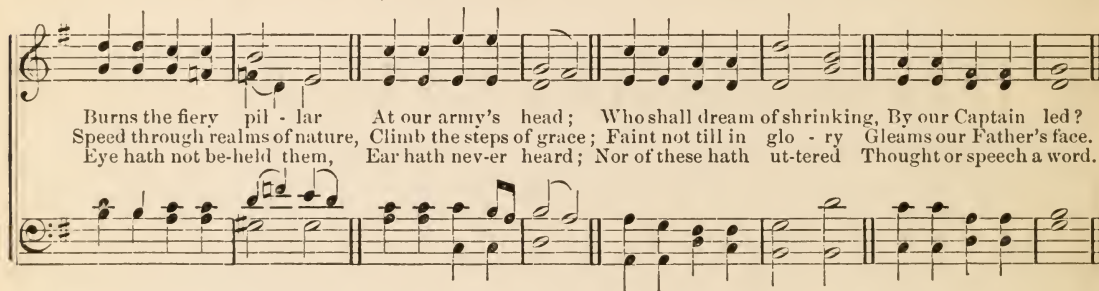
## Forward Be Our Watchword.

HENRY ALFORD.

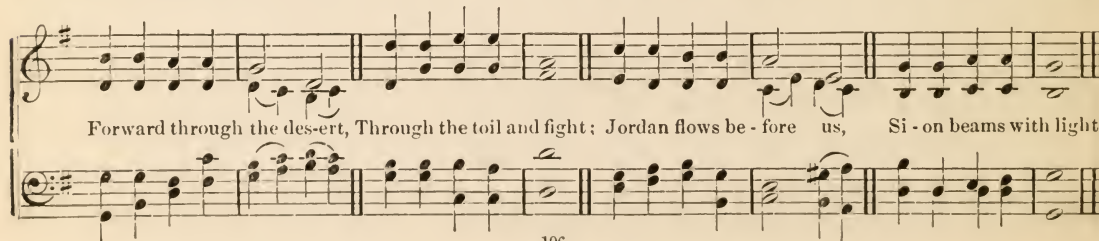
Arr. from JOS. HAYDN.



1. Forward be our watchword, Steps and voices joined ; Seek the things before us, Not a look be - hind ;  
 2. Forward when in childhood Buds the infant mind ; All through youth and manhood Not a thought be-hind ;  
 3. Glo-ries up - on glo - ries Hath our God pre-pared, By the souls that love him One day to be shared ;



Burns the fiery pil - lar At our army's head ; Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Captain led ?  
 Speed through realms of nature, Climb the steps of grace ; Faint not till in glo - ry Gleams our Father's face.  
 Eye hath not be-held them, Ear hath nev-er heard ; Nor of these hath ut-tered Thought or speech a word.



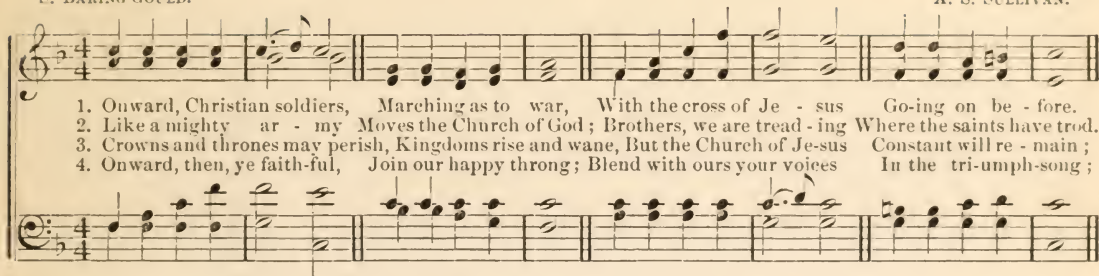
Forward through the des-ert, Through the toil and fight ; Jordan flows be - fore us, Si - on beams with light.

# Onward, Christian Soldiers.

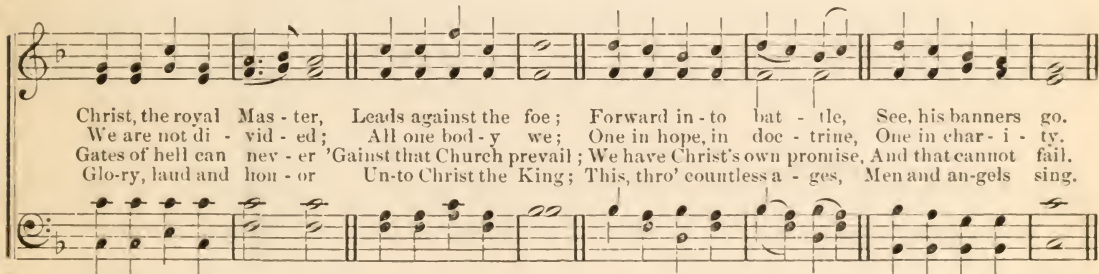
118

S. BARING-GOULD.

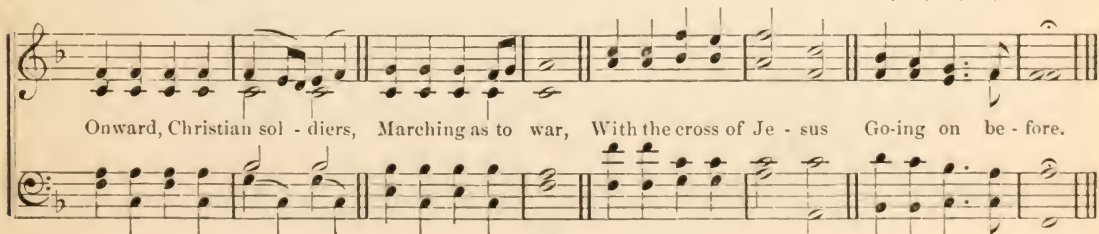
A. S. SULLIVAN.



1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore.  
 2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod.  
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je-sus Constant will re - main;  
 4. Onward, then, ye faith-ful, Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your voices In the tri-umph-song;



Christ, the royal Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, his banners go.  
 We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we; One in hope, in doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.  
 Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.  
 Glo-ry, laud and hon - or Un-to Christ the King; This, thro' countless a - ges, Men and an-gels sing.



Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore.

## May Every Year.

Dr. CALLCOTT. Arr.

1. May ev'-ry year but draw more near The time when strife shall cease, And truth and love all hearts shall move To  
 2. Let good men ne'er of truth de-spair, Though humble efforts fail; Oh, give not o'er un - til once more The

live in joy and peace. Now sor - row reigns and earth complains, For fol - ly still her pow'r maintains; But the  
 right-eous cause pre-vail. In vain and long, en - during wrong, The weak may strive against the strong, But the

day shall yet ap-pear, When the might with the right and the truth shall be, When the might with the right and the

truth shall be, And come what there may to stand in the way, That day the world shall see.

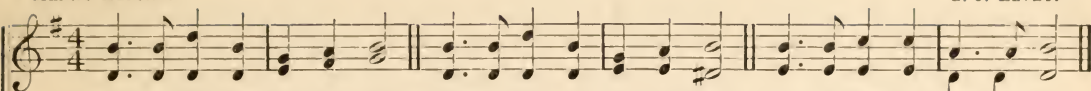


# Come, Ye Thankful People.

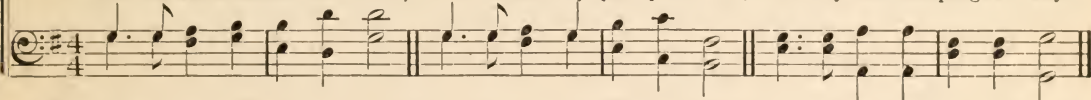
120

HENRY ALFORD.

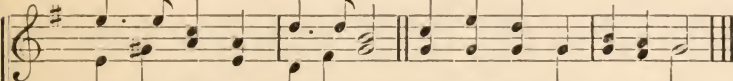
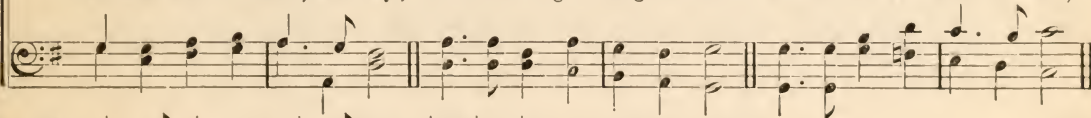
G. J. ELVEY.



1. Come, ye thankful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home; All is safe-ly gathered in,  
 2. What is earth but God's own field, Fruit un-to his praise to yield? Wheat and tares are there-in sown,  
 3. For we know that thou wilt come, And wilt take thy peo-ple home; From thy field wilt purge a-way



Ere the win-ter storms be-gin; God, our Ma-ker, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied:  
 Un-to joy or sor-row grown, Ripening with a wondrous power Till the fi-nal har-vest-hour:  
 All that doth of-fend, that day; And thine an-gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,



Come to God's own temple, come; Raise the song of harvest-home.  
 Grant, O Lord of Life, that we Ho-ly grain and pure may be!  
 But the fruit-ful ears to store In thy gar-ner ev-er-more.



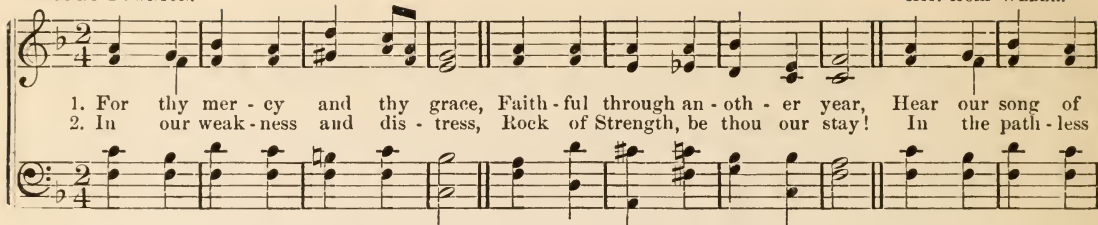
4 Come, then, Lord of Mercy, come,  
 Bid us sing thy harvest-home!  
 Let thy saints be gathered in,  
 Free from sorrow, free from sin,  
 All upon the golden floor,  
 Praising thee for evermore;  
 Come, with thousand angels, come,  
 Bid us sing thy harvest-home!



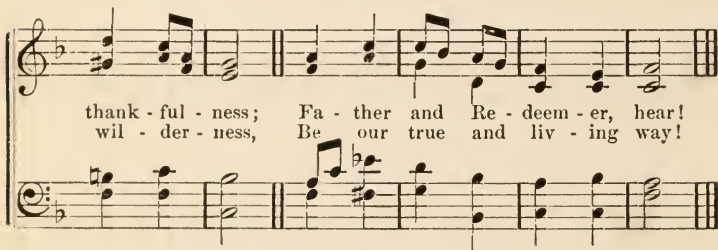
## For Thy Mercy and Thy Grace.

HENRY DOWNTON.

Arr. from WEBER.



1. For thy mer-cy and thy grace, Faith-ful through an-oth-er year, Hear our song of  
2. In our weak-ness and dis-tress, Rock of Strength, be thou our stay! In the path-less



thank-ful-ness; Fa-ther and Re-deem-er, hear!  
wil-der-ness, Be our true and liv-ing way!

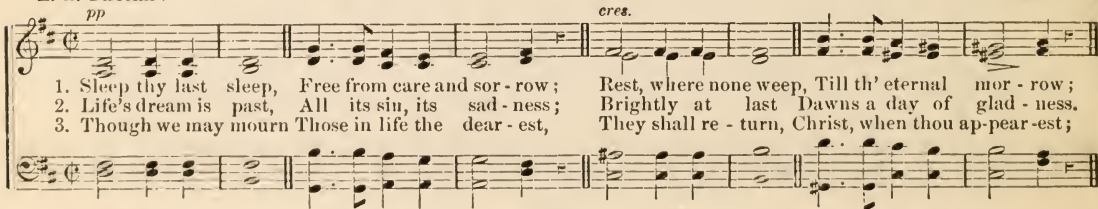
3 Who of us death's awful road  
In the coming year shall tread?  
With thy rod and staff, O God,  
Comfort thou his dying bed!

4 Make us faithful, make us pure,  
Keep us evermore thine own;  
Help, oh, help us to endure!  
Fit us for thy promised crown.

## Sleep Thy Last Sleep.

E. A. DAYMAN.

J. BARNBY.



*pp* *cres.*

1. Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sor-row; Rest, where none weep, Till th' eternal mor-row;  
2. Life's dream is past, All its sin, its sad-ness; Brightly at last Dawns a day of glad-ness.  
3. Though we may mourn Those in life the dear-est, They shall re-turn, Christ, when thou ap-pear-est;

# Sleep Thy Last Sleep.—Concluded.

123

*mf* *f rall.* *pp Slower.*

Though dark waves roll O'er the si-lent riv-er, Thy fainting soul Je-sus can de-liv-er.  
 Un-der thy sod, Earth, receive our treasure, To rest in God, Wait-ing all his pleas-ure.  
 Soon shall thy voice Comfort those now weeping, Bidding re-joice All in Je-sus sleep-ing.

# 123 Tender Shepherd, Thou hast Stilled.

J. W. MEINHOLD.  
 Tr. by C. WINKWORTH.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Ten-der Shepherd, thou hast stilled Now thy little lamb's brief weeping; Ah, how peaceful, pale and mild  
 2. In this world of care and pain, Lord, thou wouldst no longer leave it; To the sunny heavenly plain  
 3. Ah, Lord Je-sus, grant that we Where it lives may soon be liv-ing, And the lovely pastures see

In its narrow bed 'tis sleep-ing! And no sigh of anguish sore Heaves that little bo-som more.  
 Thou dost now with joy receive it; Clothed in robes of spotless white, Now it dwells with thee in light.  
 That its heavenly food are giv-ing; Then the gain of death we prove, Though thou take what most we love.

## When Shall the Voice of Singing.

JAMES EDMESTON.

JOHN HULLAH.

1. When shall the voice of sing - ing Flow joy - ful - ly a - long? When hill and val - ley,  
2. Then from the crag - gy moun - tains The sa - cred shout shall fly, And sha - dy vales and

ring - ing With one tri - umph - ant song, Pro - claim the con - test end - ed, And  
foun - tains Shall ech - o the re - ply; High tower and low - ly dwell - ing Shall

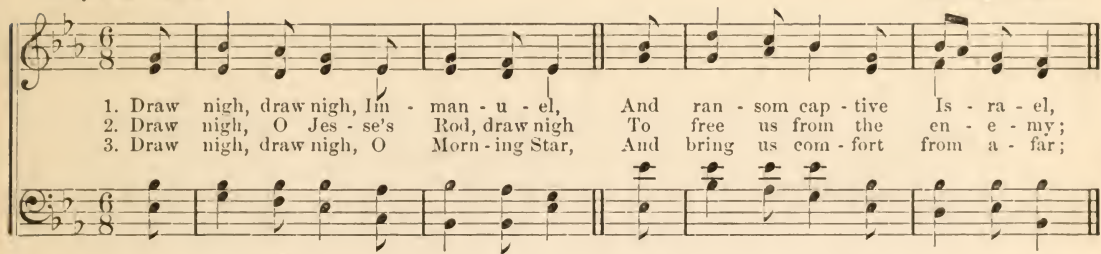
him who once was slain, A - gain to earth de - scend - ed, In right - eous - ness to reign.  
send the cho - rus round, All hal - le - lu - jahs swell - ing In one e - ter - nal sound.

# Draw Nigh, Draw Nigh, Immanuel.

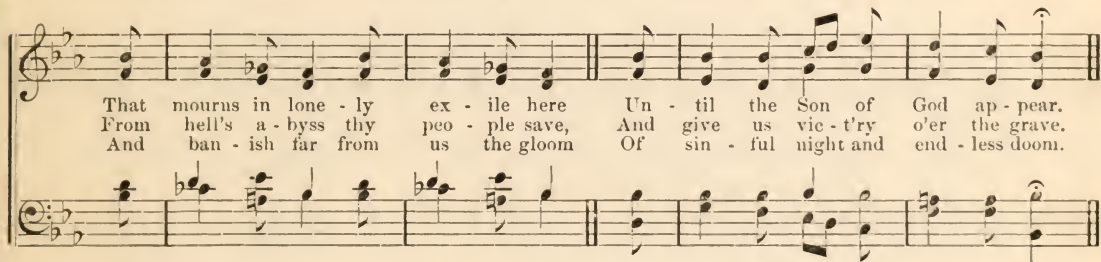
125

12th Cent.  
Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

CHARLES GOUNOD.



1. Draw nigh, draw nigh, Im - man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive Is - ra - el,  
2. Draw nigh, O Jes - se's Rod, draw nigh To free us from the en - e - my;  
3. Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Morn - ing Star, And bring us com - fort from a - far;



That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here Un - til the Son of God ap - pear.  
From hell's a - byss thy peo - ple save, And give us vic - t'ry o'er the grave.  
And ban - ish far from us the gloom Of sin - ful night and end - less doom.



Re - joice! re - joice! Im - man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el!

## Daily, Daily Sing the Praises.

Arr. from Tyrolean Air.

1. Dai - ly, dai - ly sing the prais-es      Of the ci - ty God hath made;      In the beauteous fields of  
 2. In the midst of that dear ci - ty      Christ is reign-ing on his seat,      And the an - gels of - fer  
 3. There the wind is sweet-ly fra-grant,      And is lad - en with the song      Of the ser - aphs and the  
 4. Oh, I would mine ears were op - en      Here to catch that happy strain!      Oh, I would mine eyes some

## REFRAIN.

E - den      Its foun-da - tion stones are laid, }  
 prais - es      On their harps be-fore his feet. }  
 el - ders,      And the great re-deemèd throng. } Oh, that I had wings of an - gels      Here to  
 vis - ion      Of that ci - ty could at-tain! }

spread and heav'nward fly,      I would seek the gates of Zi - on,      Far be - yond the star-ry sky!

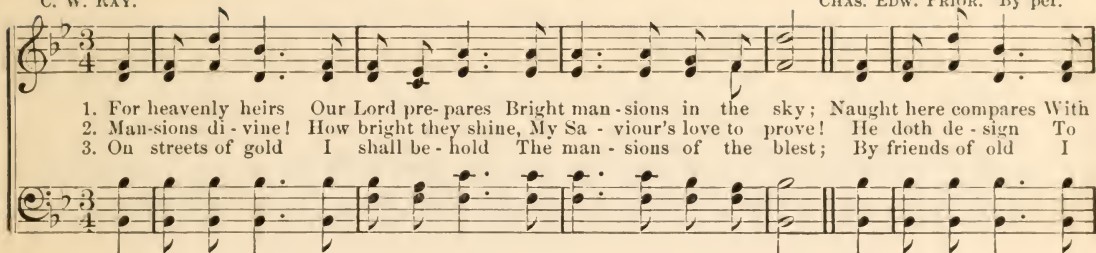


# For Heavenly Heirs.

127

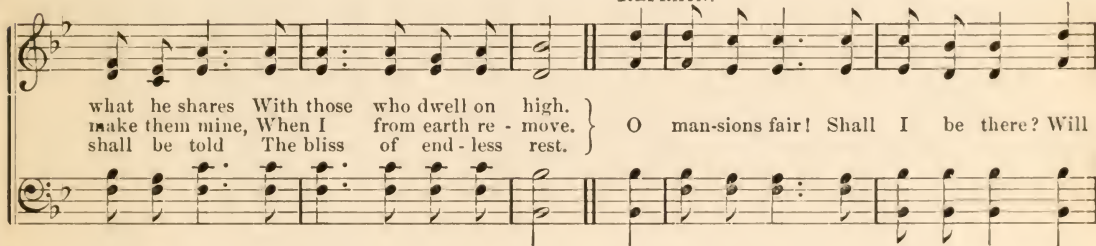
C. W. RAY.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR. By per.

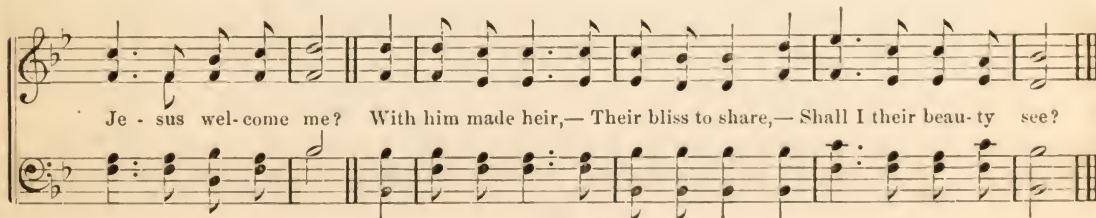


1. For heavenly heirs Our Lord pre-pares Bright man-sions in the sky; Naught here compares With  
 2. Man-sions di-vine! How bright they shine, My Sa-viour's love to prove! He doth de-sign To  
 3. On streets of gold I shall be-hold The man-sions of the blest; By friends of old I

## REFRAIN.



what he shares With those who dwell on high. } O man-sions fair! Shall I be there? Will  
 make them mine, When I from earth re-move. }  
 shall be told The bliss of end-less rest.



Je-sus wel-come me? With him made heir,— Their bliss to share,— Shall I their beau-ty see?

S. BARING-GOULD.

A. ZÖLLNER.

1. Stars on stars on heav-en's floor End - less seem, yet ev - er - more Grow - ing  
 2. Saint by saint in heav - en stands; Count - less are their ra - diant bands, Mov - ing  
 3. Oh, that, life's pro - ba - tion done, We may cir - cle round our Sun, Safe with

as we up - ward gaze, Full of won - der and a - maze. No - where  
 round the cen - tral Sun, Je - sus Christ, the glo - rious One. Who the  
 those who've gone be - fore, Safe from fall for ev - er - more, In the

are the heav - ens dark; Through the vast ex - panse we mark Ev'-ry - where some ti - ny spark.  
 num - bers may re - cite, Or the glo - ry and de - light Of the bless - ed sons of light?  
 fir - ma - ment a - bove, Round the Lord in ranks to move, Fill'd with light, a - glow with love!

# Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

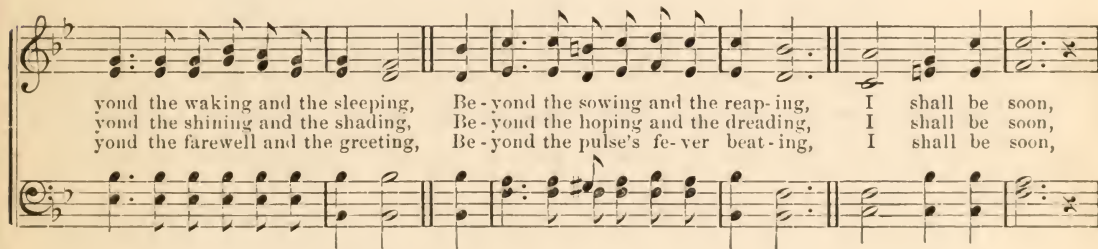
129

H. BONAR.

G. C. STEBBINS. By per.

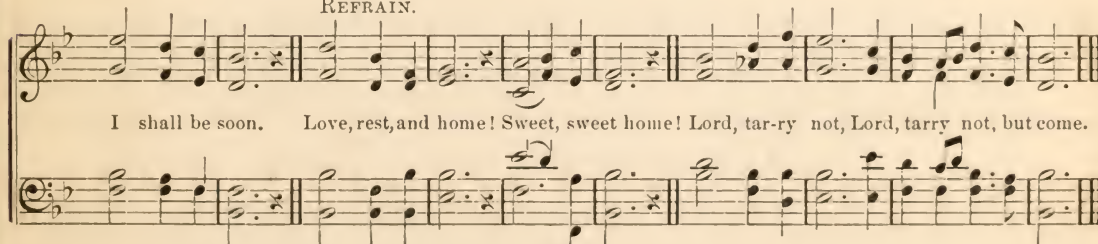


1. Be-yond the smil-ing and the weep-ing I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Be-  
 2. Be-yond the bloom-ing and the fad-ing I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Be-  
 3. Be-yond the part-ing and the meet-ing I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Be-



yond the wakin' and the sleepin', Be-yond the sowing and the reapin', I shall be soon,  
 yond the shining and the shading, Be-yond the hoping and the dreading, I shall be soon,  
 yond the farewell and the greeting, Be-yond the pulse's fever beat-in', I shall be soon,

## REFRAIN.



I shall be soon. Love, rest, and home! Sweet, sweet home! Lord, tar-ry not, Lord, tarry not, but come.

## Hark! Hark, my Soul!

F. W. FABER.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing      O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat  
 2. On-ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing,      "Come, wea-ry souls, for Je - sus bids you  
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening peal-ing,      The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and

shore;      How sweet the truth those      blessed strains are      tell - ing      Of that new life when sin shall  
 come!"      And thro' the dark, its      ech - oes sweet-ly      ring - ing,      The mu-sic of the gos - pel  
 sea;      And la - den souls, by      thousands meek-ly      steal - ing,      Kind Shepherd, turn their wea-ry

be      no      more!      An - gels of      Je - sus,      an - gels of      light,      Sing - ing to      wel-come the  
 leads      us      home.      An - gels of      Je - sus, etc.  
 steps      to      thee.      An - gels of      Je - sus, etc.



Musical score for the hymn "Hark! Hark, my Soul!—Concluded." The score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the staff.

pil-grims of the night, Sing-ing to wel-come the pilgrims, the pil-grims of the night.

## 131 Around the Throne of God a Band.

J. M. NEALE.

C. E. WILLING.

Musical score for the hymn "Around the Throne of God a Band." The score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the staff.

1. A - round the throne of God a band Of glo - rious an - gels ev - er stand : Bright things they see, sweet  
2. Some wait a-round him, ready still To sing his praise and do his will ; And some, when he com-

Musical score for the hymn "Around the Throne of God a Band." The score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the staff.

harp they hold, And on their heads are crowns of gold.  
mands them, go To guard his ser-vants here be - low.

3 Lord, give thy angels every day  
Command to guide us on our way ;  
And bid them every evening keep  
Their watch around us while we sleep.

4 So shall no wicked thing draw near  
To do us harm or cause us fear ;  
And we shall dwell, when life is past,  
With angels round thy throne at last.



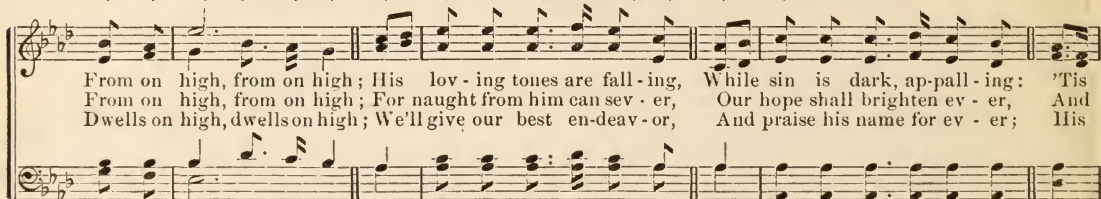
## The Prize is Set Before Us.

C. R. BLACKALL.

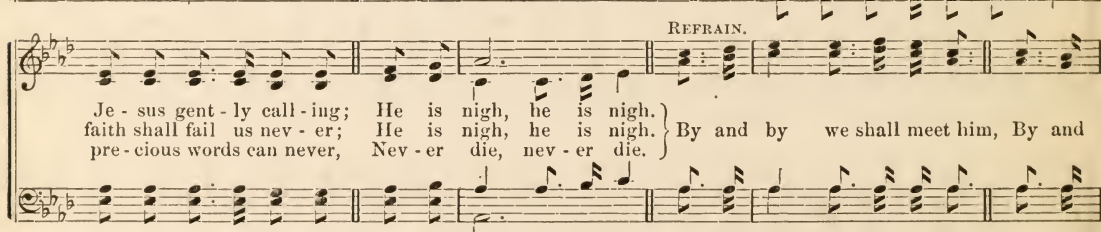
H. R. PALMER, By per.



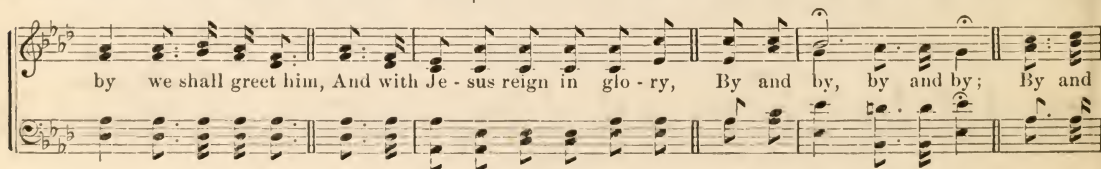
1. The prize is set be-fore us, To win, our Lord implores us; The eye of God is o'er us  
 2. We fol-low where he lead-eth, We pas-ture where he feed-eth, We yield to him who pleadeth  
 3. Our home is bright a-bove us, No tri-als there to move us, But Christ our Lord to love us



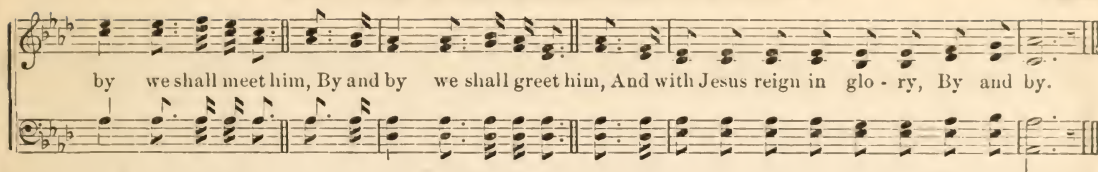
From on high, from on high; His lov-ing tones are fall-ing, While sin is dark, ap-pall-ing: 'Tis  
 From on high, from on high; For naught from him can sev-er, Our hope shall brighten ev-er, And  
 Dwells on high, dwells on high; We'll give our best en-deav-or, And praise his name for ev-er; His



REFRAIN.  
 Je-sus gent-ly call-ing; He is nigh, he is nigh.  
 faith shall fail us nev-er; He is nigh, he is nigh. } By and by we shall meet him, By and  
 pre-cious words can never, Nev-er die, nev-er die.



by we shall greet him, And with Je-sus reign in glo-ry, By and by, by and by; By and

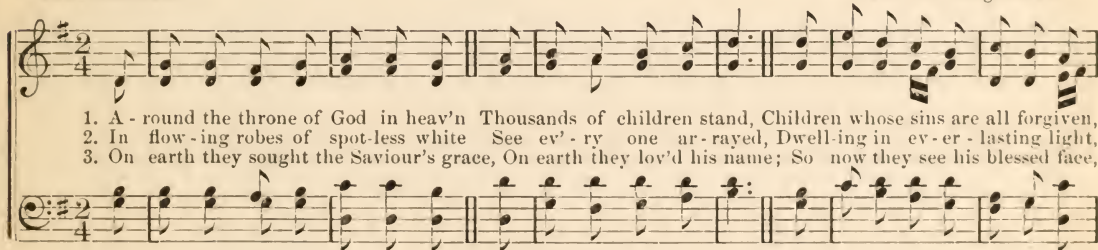


by we shall meet him, By and by we shall greet him, And with Jesus reign in glo - ry, By and by.

## 133 Around the Throne of God in Heaven.

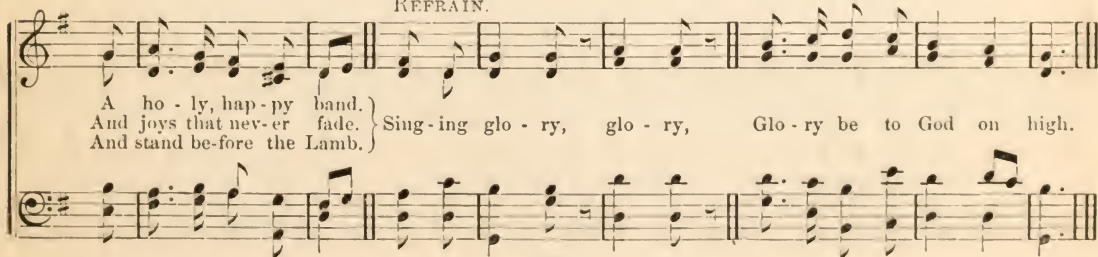
ANNE SHEPHERD.

Arr. from English Air.



1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n Thousands of children stand, Children whose sins are all forgiven,  
 2. In flow - ing robes of spot-less white See ev'-ry one ar-rayed, Dwell-ing in ev-er - lasting light,  
 3. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace, On earth they lov'd his name; So now they see his blessed face,

## REFRAIN.



A ho - ly, hap - py band, }  
 And joys that nev-er fade. } Sing-ing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high.  
 And stand be-fore the Lamb. }

F. W. FABER.

JOSEPH BARNEY.

1. O Par - a-dise, O Par - a-dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the

Where loy - al hearts and true  
hap - py land Where they that loved are blest—Where loy - - - al hearts and true Stand

ev - er in the light, All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight?

2 O Paradise, O Paradise!  
The world is growing old;  
Who would not be at rest and free  
Where love is never cold?  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise!  
'Tis weary waiting here;  
I long to be where Jesus is,  
To feel, to see him near.  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,  
Oh, keep me in thy love,  
And guide me to that happy land  
Of perfect rest above.  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

# Light After Darkness.

135

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

E. S. LORENZ. By per.

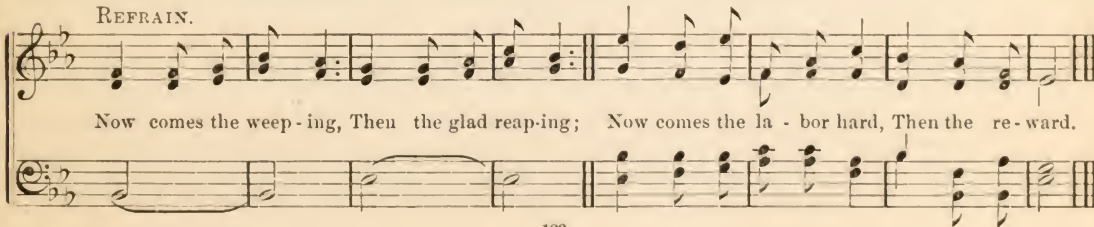


1. Light af - ter dark - ness, Gain af - ter loss, Strength af - ter wea - ri - ness, Crown af - ter cross;  
 2. Sheaves af - ter sow - ing, Sun af - ter rain, Sight af - ter mys - te - ry, Peace af - ter pain;  
 3. Near af - ter dis - tant, Gleam af - ter gloom, Love af - ter lone - li - ness, Life af - ter tomb.



Sweet af - ter bit - ter, Song af - ter sigh, Home af - ter wan - der - ing, Praise af - ter cry.  
 Joy af - ter sor - row, Calm af - ter blast, Rest af - ter wea - ri - ness, Sweet rest at last.  
 Af - ter long ag - o - ny Rap - ture of bliss; Right was the path - way Lead - ing to this.

## REFRAIN.



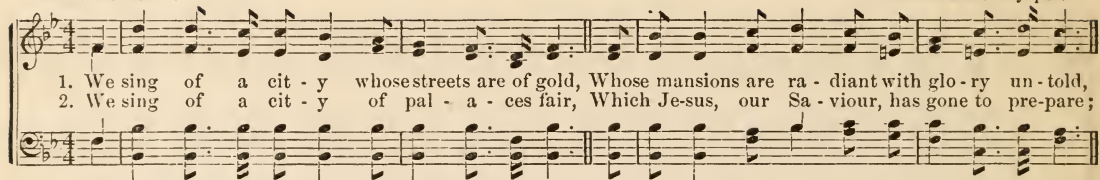
Now comes the weep - ing, Then the glad reap - ing; Now comes the la - bor hard, Then the re - ward.



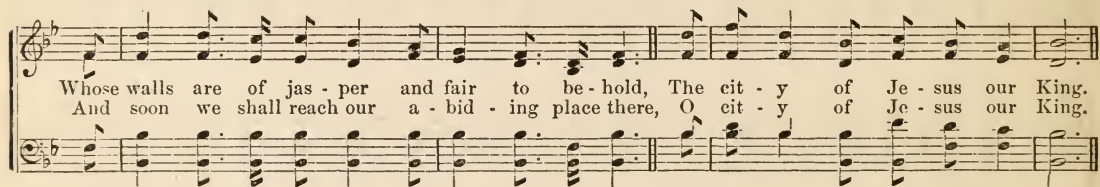
# 136 We Sing of a City whose Streets are of Gold.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

H. R. PALMER. By per.

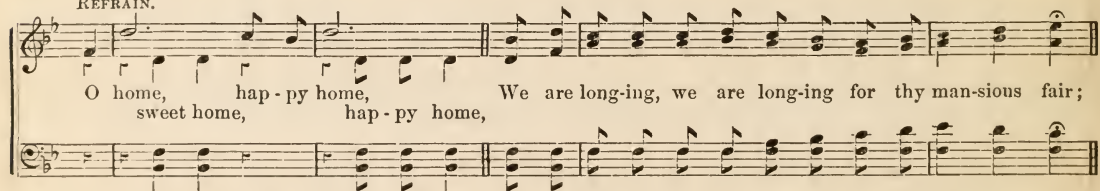


1. We sing of a cit - y whose streets are of gold, Whose mansions are ra - diant with glo - ry un - told,  
2. We sing of a cit - y of pal - a - ces fair, Which Je - sus, our Sa - viour, has gone to pre - pare;

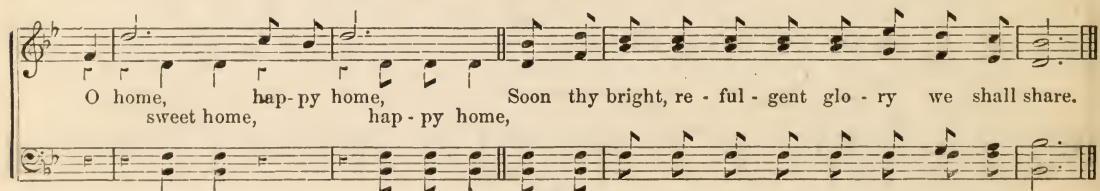


Whose walls are of jas - per and fair to be - hold, The cit - y of Je - sus our King.  
And soon we shall reach our a - bid - ing place there, O cit - y of Je - sus our King.

## REFRAIN.



O home, hap - py home, We are long - ing, we are long - ing for thy man - sions fair;  
sweet home, hap - py home,



O home, hap - py home, Soon thy bright, re - ful - gent glo - ry we shall share.  
sweet home, hap - py home,




# Jerusalem the Golden.

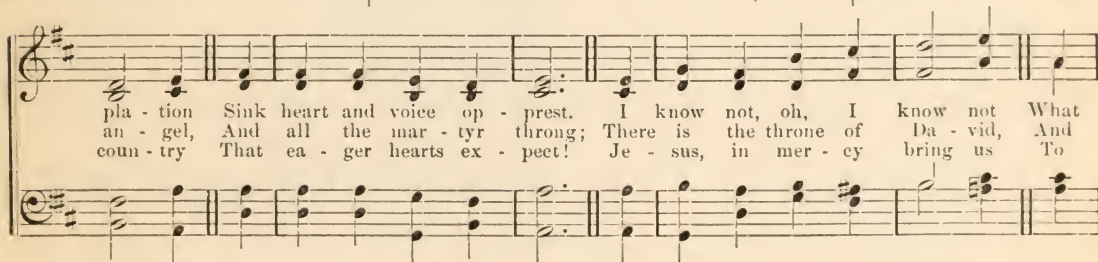
137

BERNARD OF CLUGNY.  
Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

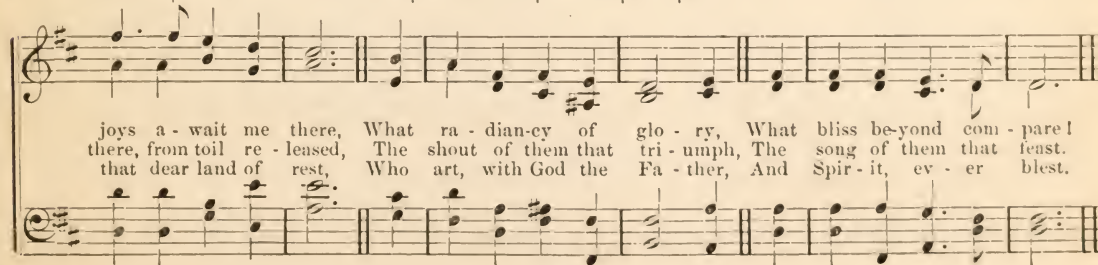
A. EWING.



1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be - neath thy con - tem -  
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an  
3. Oh, sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect! Oh, sweet and bless - ed



pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest, I know not, oh, I know not What  
an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throug; There is the throne of Da - vid, And  
coun - try That ea - ger hearts ex - pect! Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To



joys a - wait me there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare I  
there, from toil re - leased, The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast.  
that dear land of rest, Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

# INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

---

Aspiration, 3, 6, 32, 53, 61, 76, 89, 102, 111, 126-137.

Bible, 56.

Christ:—

Ascension, 46, 47.

Birth, 26-30.

Death, 40.

Glory, 48-52.

Life, 31-39.

Resurrection, 41-45.

Second Coming, 119, 124, 125.

Triumphal Entry, 37-39.

Church, 1, 98, 110, 115.

Closing Hymns, 4-8, 10.

Coming to Christ, 57-70.

Courage, 80, 92, 112-119.

Death, 122, 123.

Evening Hymns, 5-8, 10.

Faith, 71-83.

Heaven, 126-137.

Holy Spirit, 53, 54.

Invitation, 57, 58, 63, 69, 82.

Joy, 13, 92, 93, 95, 98-100, 106.

Lord's Day, 11, 41.

Love, 16, 23, 84-90, 106.

Missions, 109, 117-119.

Morning Hymns, 9, 18, 91.

New Year, 121.

Obedience, 107-118.

Opening Hymns, 1-3, 9, 11-15, 17-22.

Peace, 54, 57, 58, 76, 119.

Praise, 14, 16, 17-25, 37-39, 48-52, 55, 85, 91, 94, 97, 101-104, 106, 133.

Prayer, 3, 8, 15, 53, 61.

Primary Class, 8, 18, 22, 23, 31-33, 37, 61, 63, 86, 88, 95, 105, 112, 133.

Repentance, 59, 62, 64, 65, 70.

Salvation, 40-45, 57-60, 68, 72, 75, 90, 98, 101.

Thanksgiving, 14, 17, 120.

Trinity, 55.

Warfare, 113-115, 117, 118.

Work, 107-110, 112. (See *Warfare*.)

Worship, 1-25.

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

HYMN		HYMN		HYMN	
ABIDE with me.....	6	DAILY, daily sing the praises.....	126	Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Al-	
Angels roll the rock away.....	44	Dear Saviour, ever at my side.....	88	mighty.....	55
Angel voices ever singing.....	52	Draw nigh, draw nigh, Immanuel...	125		
Around the throne of God a band..	131			I HEARD the voice of Jesus say.....	58
Around the throne of God in heaven.	133	EVERY day will I bless thee.....	97	I love to hear the story.....	31
Art thou weary.....	82			I'm a little pilgrim.....	105
A star, a star is burning.....	30	FOR heavenly heirs.....	127	I'm not ashamed to own my Lord...	116
As the sun doth daily rise.....	9	For the beauty of the earth.....	19	I need thee, precious Jesus.....	65
As with gladness men of old.....	29	For thy merey and thy grace.....	121	In God's holy dwelling.....	21
At the King's table.....	98	Forward be our watchword.....	117	It came upon the midnight clear....	28
				I think when I read that sweet story.	86
BEFORE the throne of God above....	112	GLORY and praise and honor.....	38	I've found the pearl of greatest price.	99
Beyond the smiling and the weeping.	129	Glory be to Jesus.....	101	I was a wandering sheep.....	90
Broken hearted, empty handed.....	64	God is love, his mercy brightens...	23		
		God is love, that anthem olden.....	16	JERUSALEM the golden.....	137
CALLETH the Saviour in tones of		Golden harps are sounding.....	47	Jesus' arm sustains thee.....	83
love.....	63	Grandeur than ocean's story.....	106	Jesus Christ, our Saviour.....	82
Come, gracious spirit.....	53			Jesus, I come to thee.....	59
Come, Jesus, Redeemer.....	76	HAIL the day that sees him rise....	46	Jesus, lover of my soul.....	72
Come, let us sing of Jesus.....	103	Hark! hark my soul.....	130	Jesus, meek and gentle.....	61
Come unto me, ye weary.....	57	Hark! ten thousand harps.....	50	Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.....	71
Come, ye thankful people.....	120	Hark! the herald angels sing.....	26	Jesus, still lead on.....	80
Come, ye that love the Saviour's		Hark! the voice of Jesus calling... 107		Jesus, the very thought of thee.....	87
name.....	13	Hear thy children, gentle Jesus.....	8	Just as I am.....	67
Crown him with many crowns.....	49	Heavenly Father, send thy bless-			
Crown his head with endless bless-		ing.....	2	LEAD, kindly light.....	77
ing.....	94	Here from the world we turn.....	15	Let us with a glad some mind.....	22

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	HYMN		HYMN		HYMN
Light after darkness.....	135	O sacred head now wounded.....	40	The head that once was crowned....	51
Lord Jesus, bless us ere we go.....	5	Our blessed Redeemer, ere he		The King of love.....	79
Lord, lead the way the Saviour		breathed .....	54	The light on my pathway.....	100
went .....	109	Our dearest Friend in heaven.....	78	The prize is set before us.....	132
Lord, we come before thee now.....	3	O Word of God incarnate.....	56	There is a book, who runs may read.	25
Lo! the day of God is breaking....	114			There is a name I love to hear.....	84
		PLEASANT are thy courts.....	1	There is a path that leads.....	60
MAY every year but draw more near.	119	Praise, my soul, the King.....	20	The Son of God goes forth to war..	113
More like Jesus would I be.....	111	Praise the Lord, ye heavens.....	12	The strife is o'er .....	43
Morn amid the mountains.....	18	Precious, precious blood of Jesus..	68	Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old.	36
Morn's roseate hues.....	45			Thou didst leave thy throne.....	35
My faith looks up to thee .....	74	Rock of ages, cleft for me.....	75	To God on high be thanks .....	14
My Jesus, as thou wilt .....	73	Round the Lord in glory seated.....	48	To thee, O God and Saviour.....	24
My Saviour stands waiting.....	66				
		SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name..	4	WE bring no glittering treasures....	96
Now thank we all our God.....	17	Saviour, blessed Saviour.....	102	We give thee but thine own.....	108
Now the day is over .....	10	Silent night, hallowed night.....	27	Welcome, happy morning .....	42
		Sings my happy soul .....	93	We may not climb the heavenly steep	81
O DAY of rest and gladness .....	11	Sleep thy last sleep.....	122	We sing of a city.....	136
O happy band of pilgrims.....	110	Songs of praise the angels sang....	104	We weigh the anchor .....	92
O happy Christian children.....	95	Source from whence the streams....	89	What are those soul-reviving strains.	37
O Jesus, King most wonderful.....	85	Stars on stars in heaven's floor .....	128	What a strange and wondrous	
O Jesus, thou art standing.....	62	Sun of my soul.....	7	story.....	33
O Lord, I am not worthy.....	70			When like a stranger on our sphere.	34
Once was heard the song .....	39	TENDER Shepherd, thou hast stilled.	123	When morning gilds the skies.....	91
Onward, Christian soldiers.....	118	The banners are waving.....	115	When shall the voice of singing....	124
O paradise, O paradise.....	134	The day of resurrection .....	41	While Jesus whispers to you.....	69









# Baptist A HYMN AND TUNE BOOK

—FOR—

## CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

PREPARED BY

W. HOWARD DOANE, Mus. Doc., and

E. H. JOHNSON, D. D.

# Hymnal

—O—

The BAPTIST HYMNAL triumphantly leads all others when placed on its merits in fair competition. It has been universally commended by the Baptist Press, and enthusiastically adopted by many hundreds of our Churches.

### POINTS OF EXCELLENCE:

*Convenient size. Page clear and attractive. Fine toned paper. Binding handsome and durable. Great variety of music. Larger number of the popular melodies than any other church music book in existence. Selections of Chants, choice and beautiful.*

### —PRICES:—

Single copies, by mail, \$1.25. By the dozen, each, \$1.00.

A sample copy will be sent to any Pastor or Chorister desiring to introduce the book, with the privilege of returning if not adopted.

### AN EDITION WITHOUT THE MUSIC

is published. It makes a beautiful book, with clear, open page, red edges, and in strong cloth binding. The price of this edition is 65 cents. By the dozen, each 60 cents.

### AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY,

1420 Chestnut Street, PHILADELPHIA; 256 Washington Street, and 14 Tremont Temple, BOSTON;

9 Murray Street, NEW YORK; 151 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO; 1109 Olive Street, ST. LOUIS.